

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## HYMN.

Written for the opening of the International Exhibition  
at Philadelphia, May 10th, 1876.

## 1.

OUR father's God ! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

## 2.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
Our fathers spake that word of Thine,  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
To grace our festal time from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.

## 3.

Be with us while the New World greets  
The Old World thronging all its streets,  
Unveiling all the triumphs won  
By art or toil beneath the sun;  
And unto common good ordain  
This rivalry of hand and brain.

## 4.

Thou who hast here in concord furled  
The war-flags of a gathered world,  
Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
The Orient's mission of good-will,  
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

## 5.

For art and labor met in truce,  
For beauty made the bride of use,  
We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave  
The austere virtues, strong to save,  
The honor proof to place or gold,  
The manhood, never bought or sold.

## 6.

Oh make Thou us through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;  
And, cast in some diviner mould,  
Let the new cycle shame the old.

Atlantic Monthly.

J. G. WHITTIER.

(These beautiful lines are already known by heart,  
but we cannot refrain from recording them here. —  
LIVING AGE.)

## WINTER SONG.

(FROM THE JAPANESE.)

KEEN the wind from Fuji's height,  
Sweeping o'er the plain,  
Nips the leaves with iron might  
And drives the icy rain.  
Makes the brook a torrent run,  
Hides with flying clouds the sun,  
And howls a mad refrain.

Weary lag the traveller's feet

On the mountain way ;  
Dark the path — the cruel sleet  
Dims the light of day.  
The village buried from his view,  
Where to his love he bade adieu,  
And heard her parting lay.

O she must wait his coming long,  
As swallows wait the spring !  
Although her lips have framed the song  
To give him welcoming ;  
High on the mountain-path the storm  
Has veiled in snow her lover's form,  
And she his dirge must sing.

All The Year Round.

## THE EMPTY PLACE.

BRIGHT faces come and go, fair shapes  
Dance up and down the wall ;  
A presence in the crowded room  
Takes precedence of all.  
We see it night and day, howe'er  
By shine or shadow crost, —  
A little vacant spot, wherefrom  
One little face is lost.

The sound of music swells and falls,  
And laughter fills our ears, —  
A silence, hollowed out of life,  
Is all our spirit hears.  
That silence, like a hush of prayer,  
Can drown the loudest speech,  
And, piercing sharp through laugh and song,  
Our inmost sense can reach.

No thunder of the outer world,  
No burning rage of pain,  
No passion-storms of love or grief  
That beat on heart and brain,  
Beat down with such constraining strength  
The vital forces there,  
As that dull, soundless ache of loss  
Which lonely mourners bear.

O little garments in the drawer,  
With such precision spread !  
O little chair against the wall !  
O little cradle-bed,  
Uncurtained, in the silent room,  
And pillowless and cold !  
O mother's arms and tender hands,  
That have no babe to hold !

We know full well the worth and wealth  
Of which we are bereft ;  
But where are words wherewith to tell  
The emptiness that's left ! —  
Wherewith to span that shoreless void,  
Sound its unfathomed deeps,  
And picture to the common sense  
The sacred thing it keeps.

Sunday Magazine.

ADA CAMBRIDGE

From The Contemporary Review.  
CLARENDON.

PART I. — BEFORE HIS FIRST EXILE.

THE celebrated man whom we know successively as Mr. Hyde of the Inner Temple, as Sir Edward Hyde, and as Earl of Clarendon, measures for us the whole period of what is, in the strict and proper sense, the Puritan revolution. He became a leading statesman when the Puritans rose to predominance in England; and he beheld the Puritans thrust ignominiously from the Church, the universities, the municipal corporations. He saw the first painting of religion on the banners of Puritan and Cavalier; and he may have actually heard the noise when Venner and his Fifth Monarchy saints, proclaiming King Jesus in lieu of the restored Charles, were shot down in the streets of London. In loyalty to Church and king he exhibited a high type of Cavalier heroism; and he displayed on one occasion a unique and indescribable meanness, attested under his own hand in what Macaulay pronounces "the most extraordinary passage in autobiography." He was the founder of the old High-Church Tory party, repelling politely but inexorably the Papists on his right hand, and inexorably but with no waste of politeness all non-Anglican Protestants on his left. He is the apologist and *sacer vates* of the royal martyr, and is hailed by Tory rhetoricians as "the day-star of our history." He took part in delicate and dangerous negotiations, experienced startling extremes of good and evil fortune, was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his countrymen. The confidential friend of two kings, the grandfather of two sovereigns, he died in exile, vainly imploring the monarch, whose way he had paved to the throne, to let him set foot in England. He preserved through all vicissitude of fortune an enviable faculty of consuming his own smoke, and amid contradiction of sinners, saints, and circumstances, retained the soul's calm sunshine of a good opinion of himself, always making the most of a quiet hour when Jove told it to leave off thundering.\* Such a

man deserves some attention even from a much-occupied generation; and a careful study of Clarendon is the more in place at this moment because Herr von Ranke's estimate of his historical position, recently published in an English dress, has attracted the attention which everything from the pen of Herr von Ranke, whether very right or very wrong, deserves.

He was born in 1609, near Salisbury, where his father, Henry Hyde, resided on his own estate of Dinton, and pursued the usual avocations of a cultivated and intelligent country gentleman. Writing at a time when he had known many of the most remarkable men of his age, Clarendon solemnly avers his father to have been "the wisest man he had ever known." Edward, the third son, was originally designed for the Church, but the death of his two elder brothers made him heir, and he was sent to study law. Leaving Oxford with a reputation for parts and wit, but not for scholarship, he was entered at the Inner Temple in 1625. In those years, owing to Buckingham's confused wars, London swarmed with loose swash-buckler people of the military sort, and he hints that he had rather more intercourse with such characters than was good for him. Already, however, he was keenly alive to the claims of decorum, and conducted himself, as he significantly says, "*cautè* if not *castè*," avoiding "notable scandal of any kind." He frankly informs us that he made his first proposition for marriage, happily unsuccessful, with no warmer passion than "appetite to a convenient estate;" but he speaks ardently of his first wife, "a young lady very fair and beautiful," whose death six months after the marriage, "shook all the frame of his resolutions." Three years later he married a daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, who bore him many children, and with whom he lived "very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered."

The six or eight years preceding 1640 were the brightest of his life. Not only was he advancing in his profession and gaining a reputation for talent and eloquence, but he indulged the cravings of

\* "I'm glad you told it to leave off thundering." — Ixion to Jupiter, in Mr. Disraeli's "Ixion in Heaven."

that literary genius which was his deepest characteristic. Several hours every day he devoted to reading, and sedulously cultivated the society of the most brilliant men of the time. Ben Jonson "had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde," and Selden, Cotton, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew were among his acquaintance. When in London, Hyde and his associates dined together by appointment, and the wit and learning of their talk were much spoken of. In the country he either entertained his friends at Dinton, or formed one of the circle attracted to Falkland's mansion in Oxfordshire by the graceful hospitality and noble character of its owner. Never were the viands of intellectual banquet more richly provided or more felicitously varied than at Falkland's board. One can fancy how, under the genial influence of the host, Sheldon, Hammond, and Morley would prove that erudition had not blunted their wit or dulled their observation; how Earle's humorous sketches of character and manners would alternate with Waller's neat metaphor and sparkling phrase; while Hales and Chillingworth, in dialectic fence with the more gravely orthodox divines, would practise two of the nimblest and sharpest intellectual sword-blades that ever mingled in the controversial fray. Clarendon says with generous modesty that "he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company." The friendship which sprung up at this time between Hyde and Falkland, the gentlest and best of all the Cavaliers, was unbroken until Falkland's death, and continued, during the thirty years of Hyde's subsequent life, to be with him the subject of tender and sacred remembrance.

The spirit and sentiments of the renowned circle in which Hyde and Falkland moved were liberal. Nowhere, in the whole range of literature, is there a more just or enlarged conception of toleration, a more intrepid recognition of the claims of reason and conscience, than in the works of Chillingworth and Hales. Nor ought it to be forgotten that both Hales and Chillingworth found favour in

the eyes of Laud, and were encouraged by him to seek promotion in the Church. Hyde was in those days an intimate friend of Laud's. The prelate of threescore, whom most people know only by Lord Macaulay's portrait of him as a malignant imbecile, listened with kindly deference to his young friend when he descanted on the offence given by Laud's manner at the council-table, on the evil all men were talking of him, on the extreme desirableness of his letting it be known that he was not so harsh as he looked. Raspy-voiced, sharp-tempered, fiercely impatient of pompous speechifiers who insisted on wasting a man's time, Laud had a sunny side for congenial and friendly spirits. Liking Hyde, Laud was not alarmed at the intellectual liberalism of Hyde's circle, but, on the contrary, cherished the idea of a Church which should have room for the frankest Broad Churchmen of the period. And yet, in those very years, England, as seen by Milton, was an anguish-stricken mother, crowned with ashes, lamenting for her children driven into the wilderness by tyrannous impositions. The summer lightnings of wit and free thought flashed around the board of Falkland; and Hyde, with Whitelock, and a throng of bright young fellows of the Inns of Court, resplendent in gold and silver lace, some in coaches-and-six, some on richly caparisoned horses, went masquing in procession from Chancery Lane to Whitehall, to dance under the eyes of majesty and be complimented by the queen: but in Palace Yard ears were being cut off, noses slit, cheeks branded; and, step by step, the conspirators of Thorough were advancing on the last fastnesses of English freedom.

How could these things coexist? The fact need not surprise us. The most fiery agitations of politics are never commensurate with the society in which they take place. In the central agony of the French Revolution, when the tumbrils with their load of victims, went daily to the guillotine, the theatres of Paris had their jocund audiences. There was room in England in 1637, both for the circle of Hyde and Falkland and for those of Milton, of Hampden, of Prynne. In the



next place, Clarendon's glowing description of the society in which he moved before 1640 once more illustrates the strangely connected, strangely contrasted parts played in history by the speculative intellect and the believing or the impassioned heart. A sure instinct told Laud that the most capriciously sceptical of philosopher-divines would be more manageable in the church than the rugged Puritan who feared God and knew no other fear. The speculative intellect plays with light and the ambient flame about the fetters of nations, revealing weak places and rubbing off the gilt of customary reverence, but the fire that melts them is from the the heart. Not Erasmus but Luther originated the Reformation; not Waller but Milton is the poet of the Puritan revolution; not the knowing, glittering, satirical Voltaire, but Rousseau, the half-crazed prophet of philanthropy, inspired Robespierre and his Jacobins. Speculative philosophy and Horatian poetry have always taken kindly to despotism. No pale-faced nun could have shuddered and whimpered at the excesses of liberty in more genuine panic than that of Gibbon when he saw whither their fine-spun theories had led his free-thinking friends in France. If Strafford, Laud, and Charles had succeeded in transforming the monarchy of England into a despotism, it would have been a stately and imposing despotism; with pictures by Velasquez and Tintoret in the palace, with Chillingworth in the Church, and Hobbes at the university; but this merely proves that despotism in England would not have been without those alleviations which have not redeemed the malignity of despotism elsewhere.

In the Short Parliament, which sat in the spring of 1640, Hyde was member for Wootton-Basset. The important part which he played in this Parliament proves that he must have already made a deep impression on his contemporaries. He occupied an intermediate position between Charles and the patriots. Hampden had taken his line. He was resolved to force upon the court a complete change of policy, and to grant no supplies to be employed in the Scotch war. The veteran patriots were convinced that a royal

victory over the Scots would be the death-knell of freedom in England. But these men had a difficult part to play. The Commons were not disposed to deal hardly with the king, and a grant of money, even though not large, might be interpreted as an approval of the royal policy. Under these circumstances, Charles asked for twelve subsidies. The amount was enormous for those times, and Hampden knew that the House would refuse it. He proposed, therefore, that the question should be put *simpliciter*, grant or not grant twelve subsidies? Hyde suggested that the question should be divided, the vote whether some supply should be granted being taken separately from the vote fixing the amount. He had at this time no connection with the court, but if he had been the confidential adviser of Charles, he could not have adopted a course more likely to baffle the patriots and to secure for the crown the command of the House. Charles, however, was one whom it was difficult to serve. His ministers announced on his part that no smaller supply than that asked for would be accepted. The masterly tactics of Hyde, which might have foiled the dexterous and experienced Hampden, were of no avail. The twelve subsidies were refused, and Charles announced his intention to dissolve the Parliament. Hyde knew that this would be folly. Hurrying to Laud, he implored the archbishop to use his influence to dissuade the king from a dissolution. Laud said he would not counsel a dissolution, but neither would he offer his advice against it. The probability is that Laud, who found convocation manageable, who had his canons to get enacted, and who would have been pleased beyond expression if his ecclesiastical Parliament could by voting money have enabled the king to do without the lay Parliament, was not averse to a dissolution. Though he was no imbecile, his conception of the interests of the Church may well have paralyzed his judgment as to what was the best course for his master to adopt in civil affairs at this critical conjuncture. In the Short Parliament Hyde served on no fewer than seven committees, and took a leading part in the attack on the

Marshall's Court, one of the oppressive tribunals of the time.

The Short Parliament was dissolved in May, 1640. In the succeeding months Charles involved himself in a coil of embarrassments worthy of his imperious wilfulness and profound incapacity. The Long Parliament was elected when the constituencies were in a paroxysm of transcendent disgust with him and his bishops. The misgovernment which had brought a Scotch army into England, which had reddened the Tyne with English blood, which had thrown everything into hideous confusion, was believed by the great body of Englishmen to be bound up with the king's determination to force the ecclesiastical system of Laud both upon England and upon Scotland. Recollecting that the Short Parliament had failed to put an end to Charles's infatuation on this point, the English people elected a House of Commons more vehemently in sympathy with Presbyterianism, and more fiercely opposed to Episcopacy, than corresponded to the permanent sentiment of the nation on these subjects. This fact is the key to the entire history of the Long Parliament. Hyde sat for Saltash.

Pym and Hampden had now a Parliament on which they could depend in a final effort to put an end to the maladministration of the crown and secure the liberties of the realm. The paroxysm of Presbyterian sympathy in which the Commons were elected did not exclude from the House a large and able party attached to the government and ritual of the Church of England; but this party agreed with Hampden on the constitutional question, and were prepared to go with Pym on the subject of religion at least so far as might be necessary in order to get the Scots out of England, and to guarantee them, among their own hills and heaths, the enjoyment of Presbyterianism to their hearts' content. Accordingly the Commons acted in their first session—from November 1640 to August 1641—as a united phalanx. There were minor differences of opinion; there were animated debates; but on all the grand measures, including the overthrow of Strafford, which render those few months the most important in the constitutional history of England, Hampden went hand in hand with Falkland, and Pym with Hyde. Hyde was entrusted by the House with the conduct of the impeachment of the barons of the exchequer. He shared the intimate counsels of the patriot leaders, and was often asked to dine with

them at that table in Pym's lodgings around which, characteristically enough, the history of England was then to be seen in the making.

Towards the close of this memorable first session, however, Hyde was gradually drawing off from Pym and Hampden, and leaning towards the court. He was alarmed principally on account of the Church. It was natural that Hampden and his friends should consider it essential with a view to securing the freedom of the country, that the spirit if not the constitution of the Church, should be changed. The ecclesiastical system of Laud had furnished despotism with its most effective instruments. The Anglican clergy, except when they were Puritan, taught as a religious duty the most abject political servility. Laud identified the Church so peremptorily, not merely with the clergy, but with the upper section among the clergy, that he refused the name of pastor to all but bishops.\* When Charles bitterly disappointed the nation by dissolving the Short Parliament, convocation continued to sit, as if in insolent exhibition of its comparative loyalty, and actually voted money to support him in that Scotch war which the Commons of England had refused to support with one farthing. In France, in Holland, in Scotland, the reformed Churches had rejected the feudal episcopacy, and returned to the republican simplicity of the early Christian Church. Taking all these things into account, can we wonder that the patriots of the Long Parliament considered it impossible that a Church based on the divine right of bishops, and teaching the divine right of kings, could coexist with civil freedom in England?

Nevertheless it can be proved out of the mouth of Clarendon that Pym and Hampden had no insuperable objection to Episcopacy on religious grounds; and no tenable or candid explanation of the course they pursued can be given except on the hypothesis that what they essentially wanted was some such ecclesiastical arrangement as should be in harmony with the free institutions of the kingdom. They were men of massive common sense able to distinguish between names and realities; and it was a hard fate which compelled them to choose between a divine-right Episcopacy and a divine-right Presbyterianism, when they believed in neither. What renders Hyde supremely interesting

\* See the letter to Strafford, in which he rebukes his correspondent on this point.

as an historical character is neither his having been the chief minister of two Stuart sovereigns, nor his having written the history of his time, but his having been the man who, of all then living, might have done most to save the patriots of the Long Parliament from being forced to make this election. Had Hyde taken a course even slightly different from that which he pursued, Pym, Hampden, and the whole party which they led, instead of choosing the less of two evils, with calamity annexed for decades and malign results for centuries, might have seen their way to a permanently workable, broadly comprehensive ecclesiastical scheme, acceptable to the people, loyal to a constitutional throne, and making it possible for England to escape both the murderous contention of the seventeenth century and the misery and heartburning of our modern social war between Church and Dissent. The ground upon which these positions are taken up will become apparent as we proceed.

Riding one day with Nathaniel Fiennes, after adjournment from the patriot dinner-table, in the fields that then spread in green expanse between Westminster and Chelsea, Hyde happened to remark that "he could not conceive how religion could be preserved without bishops, nor how the government of the State could subsist, if the government of the Church were altered." The impossibility of religion without bishops and of monarchy without Laudian Episcopacy was a doctrine well calculated to suggest misgivings to Pym and Hampden touching the patriotism of him who held it. Hyde began to find himself "gloomed upon" in the House.

The circumstances which alarmed his patriot friends, attracted the notice of Charles. Mr. Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's brother, whispered into his ear that the king would be glad to have a few words with him. He first met his royal master shortly before the departure of the latter for Scotland. Charles thanked him for his zeal in defence of Episcopacy, and hinted that he had plans in hand which, when he returned, would place the Church beyond reach of attack. Soon after this interview, the first session of the Long Parliament came to an end.

In October the Lords and Commons reassembled, and presently Charles returned from the north. He was received with acclamations in his capital, and a large, ardent, and influential party in the House of Commons professed themselves satisfied with the concessions which had

been made. Meanwhile Pym, Hampden, and a majority of the Parliamentary patriots, adjured the nation not to think that the battle was over, affirmed that nothing had yet been securely won, and proposed that Charles, instead of being hailed as the restorer and guardian of freedom, should be waited on with the Great Remonstrance.

The honest burghers of London and many of the king's friends at Westminster judged by appearances; the leading patriots knew what lay behind. Charles had for months been plotting a counter-revolution. Pym and Hampden had fingered the threads of his plots, and knew that the liberty for which they had toiled through so many dark and stormy years was in deadly peril. They knew that, when Strafford and Laud were removed, Charles had fallen under the paramount influence of the queen, one of the most fanatical zealots and most unscrupulous and daring schemers in Europe; that he had tried to bring up an armed force to wrest Strafford out of the hands of Parliament; that his trip to Scotland had been suspiciously involved with plots woven in Edinburgh; that the Irish rebels declared themselves the soldiers of Henrietta Maria; that there had been court intrigues for obtaining military assistance from some Continental state. They knew that Charles had never accepted *ex animo* the part of constitutional king, that he had not sought his counsellors among the patriots, that he preferred the advice of hare-brained intriguers like Digby to that of the leaders of the English nation, that, in one word, he was bent now, as he had always been, except at moments when he bowed his head like the bulrush to the swollen stream, upon asserting his autocratic power against Parliament. In the Great Remonstrance, therefore, they recounted all that had been amiss in the administration of Charles from the time of his accession to the throne, and demanded that Parliament should be practically recognized as his "great council in all affairs, both in Church and State." They made no disguise of their intentions respecting the Church, which were to reduce the "exorbitant power" assumed by the "prelates," to remove these from "their temporal power and employments," to unite the "foreign Churches" with the Church of England in the general Protestant cause, and to convoke a synod of "the most grave, pious, learned, and judicious divines of this island, assisted by some from foreign parts," to "consider of

all things necessary for the peace and good government of the Church," and to place the result of their deliberations before Parliament.

The bringing forward of the Great Remonstrance by the patriots afforded an opportunity for a pitched battle between the party of advance, or rather of consolidation, and the party of reaction, or at least of pause. The debates were long, and the passions of the antagonists were so profoundly stirred that, but for the self-possession and resource of Hampden, they would have sheathed their swords in each other's bodies. The Remonstrance was carried, but the narrowness of the majority affords conclusive evidence that if Hyde had been equal to the emergency, not even Charles's talent for effecting inconceivable failures could have brought on a general wreck. Had Hyde stood forth simply as the head of his Majesty's opposition in the Lower House, careless whether he were formally recognized by the king or not, inflexible in his conviction that Parliament was the arena in which the conflict on behalf of the Church and the monarchy could best be carried on, he might have saved Charles in spite of himself.

It is easy to be wise after the event. It is supremely difficult, in the hurry and heat of action, to adapt conduct to circumstances new and complex. The careful and intelligent reader of Clarendon can now point out facts explicitly attested on his own page which defined for him, if only he could have understood and obeyed their counselling, the course which he ought to have followed. And yet it would have required one of those colossal men who, at great historical conjunctures, are able to penetrate the deepest meaning of the present while it flies, to discern and strike into the right path.

Recommended by his zeal for Episcopacy, signalized by his opposition to the Remonstrance, Hyde was called by Digby to a secret interview with the king. The mere circumstance of his being invited by Digby to a midnight interview at the palace ought to have put him on his guard. Digby was a typical figure of the period — a characteristic actor in scenes where romance and reality seem to be interchangeable — where the grouping and the background are often so like those of Drury Lane that we can hardly believe them to be those of history. Incapable of statesmanship, Charles delighted in plot and stratagem, and while disliking solidly able men, was charmed with such as could

weave interminable intrigues, and display an unlimited amount of stage dauntlessness in carrying them out. Digby seems to have had the itch of plotting in his very blood, for his father died as an accomplice in the Gunpowder Plot. A few years before this time he had joined the Church of Rome, and was one of that inmost circle of plotters who drew inspiration from Henrietta Maria and her Jesuit advisers, and from whose darkest schemes Charles himself was probably excluded. Had Hyde possessed the instinct of a great practical statesman, he would have told Digby that he was in a position to serve the king most effectively without express connection with him. He could have done infinitely more for the Church and the throne as the opponent of Hampden in Parliament than as the associate of Digby in the royal closet. He took, however, the first, and, as it proved, the fatal step. Conducted by Digby, he entered Whitehall by the back-stairs in the dead of night. He found himself in the presence not of Charles only but of the queen. Could anything be more picturesquely theatrical? The conductor, Digby; the time, night; the locality, a room in the palace adjoining the queen's back-stairs; "the waning moon on the water," if we please. Clarendon kissed hands; Digby withdrew; and the king entered at once upon business. Informing Hyde that he wished to dismiss St. John, the solicitor-general, Charles offered him the place. "God forbid!" exclaimed Hyde. To accept the office of St. John would, he knew, be to throw down the gauntlet in the most irritating manner to the patriot party, and to swell their ranks by the unmistakable announcement of a reactionary policy on the part of the crown. The king, however, expressed surprise at his refusal, and the queen urged him to accede to the proposal. If he did not choose to become solicitor-general, would he, they asked, accept some other office? No. He would not be ostensibly associated with the court. He would act with Falkland and Colepeper as adviser of his Majesty, but the connection must remain secret. And so he glided away as he had come.

Had Hyde, I repeat, been a great man instead of an adroit advocate, he would have told Charles that the saving of the Church and the monarchy of England could not be done in a corner; but that the magnificent array of gentlemen, at whose head he had almost defeated the Remonstrance, was perfectly capable, without aid from histrionic plotters or mid-

night interviews, to secure reasonable terms for both. The interview itself ought to have instructed him as to the soundness of the patriot apprehensions and the course which the interests of the country required him to pursue. He was led to the palace by Digby—a hare-brained adventurer, a Papist, a renegade; and he saw that, in transacting business of essential importance, the king was at the beck of the queen. Novice as he was in public life compared with Pym or Hampden, men who, for twenty years, had been studying the court and penetrating its inmost arcana, these facts might have opened his eyes. He ought to have felt that it was madness to let himself be drawn into an irreconcilable breach with those statesmen, whose ally he had been in the first session of the Long Parliament, by such persons as Digby and Henrietta Maria. Mere self-respect required that, having been formally accepted as chief adviser of the crown, he should insist upon his views being adopted. Instead of being firm on this point, he drifted into a connection with the court, without having it determined whether he, Falkland, and Colepeper were to be Charles's real advisers, or whether power was to remain with the queen and Digby. He was soon informed, as by a thunder-clap, that he had permitted himself to be trifled with by Charles.

The proposal that Hyde should take the place of St. John as solicitor-general deserves consideration. Attempts had been made in the preceding summer, when the king had approached nearest to a genuine concession of the patriot demands, to furnish him with a ministry chosen from the leaders of the Parliamentary majority. The death of the Earl of Bedford, and other causes, including doubtless the king's heartfelt aversion to the whole affair, frustrated the project. But hopes were entertained by the popular party that the essential end in view—administration in accordance with the will of Parliament—might be attained by the admission of a certain number of patriots into the Privy Council. Lord Essex, Lord Say, St. John and several others had been enrolled among the privy councillors. They had frankly informed Charles that they could give him no advice contrary to the sense of the two Houses of Parliament, which, they maintained, constituted "his great council, by whose wisdom he was entirely to guide himself." Clarendon states—and there are few words in the historical literature of England more illuminative

than those in which he makes the statement—that this proposition of the patriots did not startle the privy councillors in general. It was, he says, "most supinely and stupidly submitted to by the rest." Clarendon himself never accepted the doctrine, holding as he did that kings had something preternatural and divine about them. Laud was not more fanatically absurd on this point than his disciple. He was probably, in fact, much less so; for a good deal of Laud's sermonizing about kings might be professionally meaningless; but when Clarendon speaks of the presumption of Parliament "in endeavouring to search what the Scripture itself told them was unsearchable, the heart of the king," he seems really to believe the drivel he talks. At all events, the privy councillors of Charles I., in the year 1641, were, *teste* Clarendon, of opinion that the time had come when the king ought to govern by the advice of Parliament. No one held this opinion more stoutly than the patriot lawyer St. John, whom Charles had forced himself to accept as solicitor-general. It will therefore be understood that in proposing to displace St. John and instal Hyde in his place, his Majesty had suggested a decisively reactionary measure.

Strong, however, as was this measure, it was not so strong as some which Charles was prepared to adopt. Sooth to say, he had looked upon the Great Remonstrance as a declaration of war, and he was consumed with a passionate desire not only to crush the pretensions of Parliament, but to take a bloody revenge upon the leading patriots. Within a few weeks of the presentation of the Remonstrance, within a still shorter period of his midnight interview with Hyde, he struck a direct blow at the life of Hampden, Pym, and their principal coadjutors by attempting their arrest on a charge of high treason.

Likely enough the king's actual rush to Westminster at the head of an armed mob may have been suggested by a word from Digby, and executed almost on the impulse of the moment; but if Digby is answerable for the *coup de théâtre*, Charles meditated a *coup d'état*. No rational account can be given of his proceedings either before or after the attempted arrest, unless we believe that it was his settled purpose to put down the popular party by force. He had made things, as he supposed, safe in Scotland; his prerogative placed the militia at his command; Portsmouth and Hull, with the



magazine in the latter, were nominally his, and could, as he presumed, be seized. Hatred of Parliaments was with him a passion; he possessed neither the patience nor the brains indispensable for Parliamentary management; and he at heart disliked the party of Falkland, Colepeper, and Hyde only less than the party of Hampden and Pym. On any possible hypothesis the attempted arrest was foolish, but the only hypothesis on which it can be accounted for at all is that Charles confusedly thought that having overawed and discredited the whole patriot party by throwing their leaders into the Tower on a charge of treason, he might either hurry a bill through the Houses consenting to their dissolution, or venture on dissolving them without this formality. Perfectly incapable of reading the signs of the time, he seems to have mistaken the friendly feeling with which he was received when he returned from Scotland, a feeling dependent wholly on the belief that he deserved the trust of Parliament as the *guardian* of constitutional freedom, for an emotion similar to the fiery discontent with which he himself fretted *against* constitutional control. When the attempt failed, he did not really fall back on a pacific policy; he persisted in a policy of war. Within a fortnight from the failure he was conducting the queen to the coast, who, in well-grounded apprehension of being impeached for high treason, was carrying off the crown jewels, in order to pawn them on the Continent for arms. Charles was in very truth henceforth at war with his Parliament.

And what of Hyde? Let us not ask too much from him. Let us not say, though a strong case could be made out for saying, that he was bound to make common cause with the patriots. Let us admit that he would have been justified in maintaining that opposition to Hampden which he had taken up at the time of the Remonstrance. How could he, on these terms, have most honourably and most effectively served England and the king? How could he have done the best for those noble and loyal gentlemen, resolute to sacrifice neither Church nor monarchy, who looked to him as their leader? It were false to impute either to him or to them an intention to subvert the independence of the law, to wink at the suppression of Parliaments, to recall the system of Thorough. At the time of the attempted arrest of the five members, he was probably one of the most reactionary of his party, for he strongly repudiates

that doctrine of the supremacy of Parliament which the great body of the Privy Council sanctioned; but neither now nor subsequently did he admit the right of the king to raise money without Parliamentary grant, or to use in the administration any machinery except that provided by law. He demanded no retrogression; his fundamental position was that now a halt ought to be called; and what might have been expected of him was neither more nor less than that he should hold this position manfully. It may seem the wildest of paradoxes, but it is a demonstrable fact that, in demanding this of Hyde, we ask simply that he should have carried out with masculine energy that programme which, when we read his book with care, we find himself laying down, or at least enabling us to lay down. He it is who tells us that Falkland, Colepeper, and the whole constitutional party, as contrasted with the mere courtiers, were astounded and distressed by the attempted arrest of the members, and "perfectly detested" the counsels which suggested it. He it is who assures us that he joined with all his heart in the reiterated entreaty of the Parliament to Charles, when he strode sullenly to the north preparing battle, to return to Westminster. On his own page is delineated that interview which revealed to him that Charles stood in the same relation to Henrietta Maria, the heart and soul of the Popish party, in the management of affairs, in which Bishop Proudie stands to his spouse in Mr. Trollope's novel; and, if that interview was not evidence sufficient on the point, it was supplemented by the facts, also given under his hand, that the queen possessed "absolute power with the king," and that, when she went to Holland to buy arms, she exacted a promise from him to be guided by her in the choice of his advisers. Consider all that this subordination of Charles to the queen implied, and then take along with it the following words addressed by Hyde to the king when his Majesty, after parting with Henrietta Maria, had reached Newmarket in his progress to the north: "Your Majesty well knows that your greatest strength is in the hearts and affections of those persons who have been the severest assertors of the public liberties." When one thinks of the sequel—of Hampden's death-wound, of Pym's death from overwork and agitation, of Falkland's broken heart, of Charles's "gray disrowned head" falling on the scaffold, of the beautiful soft-skinned corpses of the gentlemen



of England that lay white in the moon by thousands on Marston heath\*—these words become impressive to the pitch of pain. Had Hyde been as strenuous in giving effect to the true policy, as he was accurate in apprehending it,—had he inflexibly refused, and prevailed upon the great body of the Cavaliers to refuse, to abet the king in making war upon the “assertors of the public liberties,”—all that melancholy sequel might have been averted.

That the constitutional Cavalier party would have rallied to a policy of pacific resistance if a man of the requisite genius, energy, and courage had placed such a policy before them in the first months of 1642, can scarcely be doubted. All our power to feel the pathos of the war, all our capacity to appreciate the motives and understand the conduct of the antagonist parties at successive stages in the conflict, depend on our perception of the *thinness* of the line which separated them at the outset; a line resembling that of two rivers, issuing from one lake by channels divided from each other by but a single crag, which continue to flow on, mile after mile, in closest neighbourhood, and then gradually diverge until mountains rise between. In the beginning of 1642, the Cavaliers were passionately averse to war; and in petitions without number the patriots implored Charles not to draw the sword with which he menaced them. There was hardly a man in the country who at heart desired the war except the king himself. Unless we realize the intensity of the Cavalier persuasion that there was no irreconcilable difference between the king's friends and the followers of Pym and Hampden, and the intensity of the patriot persuasion that only the unreasonableness of Charles stood in the way of an accommodation, the most characteristic facts in the history of the time become perfectly unintelligible. Men with swords in their hands, men meeting each other in the grapple of war and reddening the grass with their blood, were on both sides anxious that they should conquer only by halves. It is known to every one that Essex and Manchester trembled at the thought of conquering the king too thoroughly; it is less known, but equally certain, that the great body of the Cavaliers regarded with equal anxiety the prospect of the king's being completely victo-

rious. What was wanted in order to reconcile the parties—what at this period might have been found, but became at each successive stage in the dispute more difficult to find—was a daysman who could have put his hand upon both, who could have convinced the patriots that there was no risk of the restoration of Thorough, and the Cavaliers that the crown and the Church were safe, and thus have confined the whole conflict within the Parliamentary arena.

To bring Charles to reason just one thing was necessary,—to leave him well alone. Had his friends in the Houses told him with one voice that war was out of the question, even the queen must have perceived that it was useless to try force. And who was the man to bear this message to the king with the authority of one who insisted on conferring a supreme benefaction? Who was the man that had dined with Pym and Hampden in the inner circle of trusted patriotism, and had also met Charles in secret interview? Who was the man that put it on record at this very time that Charles's best friends were the “severest assertors” of liberty? This man was Hyde. If he had made the king's return to Westminster, or, at least, the centralization of the struggle in the two Houses, the principle of the Cavalier policy—if he had made Charles's acceptance of this principle an absolute condition of his remaining, along with Colepeper and Falkland, whom it would have been easy for him to influence, in the royal service—war would have been impossible.

Will it be said that, in calling upon the whole party of constitutional Cavaliers to decline an appeal to arms, Hyde would have abandoned the cause of the monarchy? Words have been quoted from Clarendon which have no meaning unless they state that the “assertors of liberty” had at this time no design against the monarchy. And, as a matter of fact, the monarchy never lost the support of the Long Parliament. A minority, in whose hand Charles and Hyde helped to place irresistible power, overthrew the monarchy, but that minority had, first of all, to cut down the Parliament, which still, by its majority, defended the king; and when, after nearly a score of years had elapsed from the time of its first assembling, the Long Parliament was once more installed at Westminster, it straightway took steps to re-establish the dynasty and the throne. Neither the monarchical constitution, nor the life of the king, was ever

\* The smoothness and whiteness of the stripped bodies of the Cavaliers on Marston Moor are referred to in contemporary writings.

in danger from Pym or Hampden, or the Parliament elected under their influence.

But would not the Church have been left to destruction if Hyde and the Cavaliers had absolutely declined to fight? Again we turn to Clarendon, always the leading witness against himself. He is quite frank in his admissions that the patriots of 1640-42 cherished no insuperably hostile dispositions towards the Church. The Earl of Bedford "had," he tells us, "no desire that there should be any alteration in the government of the Church." Hampden said to Falkland, and Clarendon does not hint a suspicion that he did not speak the truth, that if the bishops were but removed from the House of Lords, "there would be nothing more attempted to the prejudice of the Church." Pym and Hollis, and all the "northern men," were willing to acquiesce in episcopal government. Essex was devoted to the Book of Common Prayer. The patriots had been born and bred in the Church of England, and though they detested Laud's "innovations," and desired that the Church should be in sympathy with the Reformation rather than with Rome, they had no conscientious scruple about her episcopal organization. Even Cromwell had not been a separatist, and did not, so far as I am aware, complain of anything in the Church except the restraint, under Laud's auspices, of prayer and preaching, and the stifling of essentials under ceremony and grimace. Such were the materials, even in the patriot ranks, afforded Hyde for the defence of the Church, before the outbreak of the war. Can it be doubted that the defence might have been made good, if the Cavaliers had entrenched themselves in Westminster, and told the king to clear his head of insane schemes of war?

In all the years since Parliament met in England, no opportunity so noble of constituting and leading "his Majesty's opposition" had been offered as was now offered to Hyde. Even if we suppose that he would have found it impossible to resist the proposal embodied in the Remonstrance, that a synod should be convoked at Westminster to consider the affairs of the Church, is there any reason to doubt that he could have secured so large an admission of Episcopal divines to its deliberations, that the overthrow of the Church would have been out of the question? The great body of the Cavaliers would have had no objection to a reinforcement of the Protestant elements in the Church, and the great body of the

patriots wanted, at bottom, nothing else. By drawing off the constitutional and Protestant friends of the Church from their early association with Hampden and his friends, Hyde forced the latter on the alliance of Presbyterianism, first English and then Scottish. This alliance was disastrous for all parties. But Hampden and Pym would never have sought to impose Presbytery on the Church of England, and the Scots would never have been subjected to what their wisest and best men felt to be the hard and perilous necessity of appearing in England as Presbyterian missionaries with pikes in their hands, if the weakness of Hyde had not permitted the removal from Westminster of the natural allies (not the less effective because their part was to check and balance) of Pym and Hampden in completing the reformation of the Church of England—to wit, the Protestant Cavaliers.

True, no doubt, it is that under Hyde's leadership, the Church ultimately rose triumphant over all her enemies; but she rose by no honourable victory, and to play no illustrious part. She rose to be no more the Church of Elizabeth, heading the Protestantism of Europe and owning the Reformed Churches as sisters, but to turn from these in the ineffable self-complacency of spiritual pride, denying to them sacraments, orders, and the very name of Churches. She rose to be the slave and the sycophant of power, grasping implacably the instruments of persecution, and adopting as her policy to drive all who did not pronounce her shibboleth beyond the political, educational, and social pale. Churchmen of comprehensive and generous sympathies, whose patriotism has burst the bands of sectarianism and embraces all Englishmen, may well regret the course adopted by Hyde in 1642.

True, also, it is that, if Hyde and Hampden had between them succeeded in constituting a robustly Protestant and liberal Church, the triumph of the Puritan van, under Cromwell, would not have been achieved; and that, if the reign of the saints had never occurred, one of the most brilliant pages in the history of England would not have been written. But the victory of the saints was the victory of a minority, and therefore a maimed and melancholy victory. Had Hyde been all he might have been, the Puritans would perhaps never have seen the Prayer-Book proscribed, the ceremonies abolished, the framework of Episcopacy voted down; but neither would they have seen Episcopacy

arise from the tomb in which it had been buried *alive*, armed with tenfold power to vex them. Had the Puritans attained, in the middle of the seventeenth century, only such a triumph as the great body of the English nation could thoroughly sympathize with, there might never have taken place that severance between Puritanism and scholarship, between Puritanism and speculative intrepidity, between Puritanism and culture, wealth, refinement, which followed upon the exclusion of Puritans from all the seats of learning. Had the Puritanism of Milton and of Cromwell been less imperiously triumphant in the seventeenth century, the hereditary rancour between Churchmen and Dissenters, which embitters social life in modern England, might never have been known. Of all the lessons which the Puritan revolution reads to men of this generation none is more pregnant or penetrating than that conveyed to us by the disastrous *excess* of the Puritan victory. Prince Bismarck in his war with Ultramontanism, will find it worth while to remember that forms of religious belief, *not yet dead*, can in no possible way be helped to develop latent vitality so effectually as by attempting to bury them alive. One must be very sure, before proceeding to the work of sepulture, that death has done its part so effectually that no chill of the tomb will restore the nervous tension and renew the beating of the heart, and that "decay's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers" so transformingly that the affection of bystanders cannot awaken. Hamlet took no thought of the babblings of Ophelia when she went about unharmed, but forty thousand brothers could not love her as he did when he saw her stretched upon her bier.

Infinitely as we may regret Hyde's decision to merge the constitutional Cavalier party in that of the court—for this is the exact statement of his grand mistake—we are bound to be not less than just to himself. He meant well. Had Charles succeeded in putting down the Parliament, he would have exerted his influence to prevent the king from taking too bloody a revenge, and from trampling too disdainfully on the liberties of the country; and, without question, he would have exerted his influence in vain. A very different arm from his would have been wanted to hold Charles in the day of his power and his vengeance; and the golden-mouthed man would have found himself thrust from the path of the father more promptly than he was from that of the son. We

are not required, however, to impute to Hyde a devotion to the cause of Church and king so unalloyed with worldly ambition as the heroic devotion of Falkland. He was at that stage of life when, if at any, the element of daring in a man has force; and though he must have known that the choice he made involved great risks, he must have known also that it might open the way to magnificent prizes. Splendid rank and immense fortune were the stakes for which ministers of state played in the seventeenth century; and it did not require heroic virtue or valour to take heavy odds in such a game.

When Charles, finding that his *coup d'état* had failed, took the road for Dover with the queen, Hyde was named by Parliament one of a deputation to carry a message to his Majesty at that port. He had kept his relations with the king strictly secret, and we may presume that if the patriot leaders, whose power was greatly reinforced by the attempted arrest, had gravely suspected him of adhesion to the court, they would not have afforded him an opportunity of gaining personal access to Charles. Their trusting him on such an occasion proves also the tragic earnestness of their wish to preserve the *unity* of the constitutional and Protestant party in dealing with the king. Hyde failing to discern and adopt that middle course between the court and the patriots, in which he might have walked openly at the head of a multitude of noble-hearted gentlemen, adopted a middle course of cunning and disguise. Acting ostensibly in concert with the other members of the patriot deputation, he had veiled interviews with Charles, and induced him to soften his words in answering the patriot demands. No true concession, but more of smoothness in the phrase—such, on his own showing, was Hyde's counsel to the king. Charles deserves the credit, whatever it may be worth, of wishing to speak as sharply as he felt; Hyde insisted on the lacquer. In a secret interview at Greenwich, on the return journey, when Charles was about to proceed to the north, and Hyde to accompany the rest of the deputation to Westminster, it was agreed between them that Hyde should write and transmit to the king answers to all Parliamentary declarations and messages. A service of gentlemen was arranged to carry papers between Hyde and Charles. The work was done for several months with a vigilant faithfulness which evaded all detection, and a celerity which seems incredible. Letters were despatched from

London on Saturday night, and the answers, written at York, were in Hyde's hand on Monday.

Charles and Hyde were at one in the essential matter of bishop-worship, and the maulin king took kindly to a man who had neither Falkland's inextinguishable love of liberty, nor Colepeper's shrewd practical instincts. Hyde succeeded in preventing a breach between Charles and Falkland. For some cause, of which Clarendon says little, his Majesty was offended with Falkland, and was inclined, with characteristic irritability, to expel him from his service. Falkland *knew* Hampden; and knowing him, could not tear from his heart the rooted conviction that England's cause and England's king had nothing to fear if only Hampden were trusted. But Falkland was a friend also of Hyde, and was passionately loyal to the king and the Church; when Hyde, therefore, told Falkland that the monarchy and the Church were being undermined, Falkland was, if not convinced, at least for all practical purposes paralyzed. He could not believe Hampden a rebel, nor could he turn from the king and Hyde; so he rushed on his fate, dying, as Clarendon says, as much of heartbreak as of the bullet. Clarendon loved him truly, and there is nothing so beautiful in Clarendon's history or character as the tenderness with which he cherished his memory; but there probably was a subtle ingredient of remorse in Clarendon's mournful recollections of his friend, for he certainly had Falkland's blood on his hands. If Hyde had been noble enough to know Hampden as well as Falkland knew him, the whole course of events might have been altered; but Hampden was not a man easy to know, and it is not surprising that a plausible young lawyer, new to affairs, should mistake for cunning and self-seeking that wary dauntlessness, that cautious thoroughness, that gentleness of demeanour and graciousness of word accompanying inflexible insistence upon essential points, which were united in the great patriot statesman.

Hyde lingered so long at Westminster that the crattiest planning was required to secure his reaching the king at York. He seems to have masked his real flight by a feint. Making a journey westwards, he was followed by a messenger from the Commons enjoining his attendance. He of course obeyed, and took doubtless every precaution to satisfy the messenger that he intended nothing more than a temporary absence in his native county.

After a week or two he presented himself to the speaker with a medical certificate that he required change of air, and asked leave to retire for some time to Wiltshire. Under such circumstances permission could not be refused, and a few clear days, during which suspicion was lulled, would be gained. He went first to Ditchley, near Oxford, the house of the Lady Lee, whence starting in company with Chillingworth in her ladyship's coach, he penetrated to a village near Coventry, where a brother of Chillingworth's had a farm. Mounting their horses at nightfall and riding "out of all roads," they drew bridle at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where a friend of Chillingworth's was parson of the parish; and thence proceeding "by unusual ways," threading the forest lanes of Derbyshire and crossing the broad green swells, not yet blackened with factory smoke, of the West Riding, they halted at Nestal, a little town twenty miles from York. At Nestal Hyde remained some weeks, for no apparent reason except that he did all things, now and afterwards, with a *maximum* of finesse and formality. At length the king peremptorily commanded his presence, and he came.

Charles, therefore, might now enjoy *ad libitum* that argumentative wind-music which his soul loved. If men's heads could be charmed from their shoulders, by deftly modulated sound, it was probable that Pym and Hampden, at whose life Charles still aimed, might yield to the sweet piping of Hyde. Otherwise it was not probable. Hyde possessed literary capacity to the measure of genius, but he had no practical talent. Cool heads about Charles soon got to know that he was a minister for ornament rather than for use. Hobbes, who felt that the fighting of battles, though tiresome and absurd, and particularly inconvenient for elderly philosophical gentlemen, could not be done rightly except in its own way, remarked that Hyde's documents were not of the kind that convinced any one; and gruff Cavaliers murmured that the sweet voice did harm. Even in Charles, slave as he was of his spites and his scruples, there was enough of practical instinct to make him fret under the pedantry with which Hyde insisted on making war in legal form. The wise thing for Charles to do, after issuing a solemn declaration of his respect for law and Parliament, and of his intention to recur to both—when the compulsion laid upon him by rebels was removed—would, of course, have been to

strike sharply and speedily, and to levy without ceremony what contributions were indispensable to enable him to do so. By mixing war with peace, Hyde could not make the war legal, but he helped to make it hopeless. He has a right, however, once more to all the qualification of this censure which may be due to the unique character of a war in which each side charged the other with rebellion, and in which both fought in the name of law.

Hyde deploras the miserable confusion, laxity, and half-heartedness with which the war was prosecuted on the side of the king. Among those who fought for Charles were men as brave as ever drew sword, but the best of them went into the affair with a melancholy akin to that of Falkland, the shadow of Thorough darkening their faces, the misgiving that it was for a tyrant they went to death sitting heavy on their hearts. Clarendon laments, blames, moralizes, but there is not a sentence in his account of the business to indicate that, if he had been in the king's place, he would have managed better. A Richelieu, a Chatham, a Clive could have carried Charles back in triumph to Westminster within three months of the raising of his standard. But there was no man of military genius and commanding authority to strike a decisive blow before the Parliament embodied and drilled its army. Charles, wilful as he was, possessed no force of character, and there were perpetual and ruinous cabals among the military chiefs. Clarendon speaks of "the usual negligence of the king's governors." He acknowledges, on the other hand, the incomparable industry and superb gifts of the Parliamentary leaders, dwelling on the almost incredible minuteness and accuracy of their information respecting the king's affairs, and wondering that on the side of royalty and Church all should be confusion and lawlessness, while on the side of what he called rebellion was all the effectiveness that discipline, obedience, and order lend to strength. It was indeed a notable phenomenon, well fitted to excite wonder, and not at all to be accounted for on the hypothesis that the men whom he declared to be the king's best friends while he acted with them became the king's diabolical enemies when he left them. Had Hampden and Pym been the leaders of a dissident and mutinous mob, there could have been no concentration in their councils, no disciplined force in their armies; but if they were patriots of the noblest type, men seeing liberty only in law and law only in liberty, it was not

wonderful that there should be more of order in their arrangements than in those of Charles Stuart.

The patriots were extremely incensed at Hyde, and soon exempted him by name from the number of those who, in the event of a settlement, would obtain a free pardon. This course was perhaps imprudent, but it was not unnatural, for it is the man who has stood longest by a party that has most conspicuously the look of a betrayer when he abandons it. He assures us that, both before the outbreak of hostilities and at every pause in the war, his voice was for peace and conciliation. He continued in but the outer court of Charles's confidence. The queen and the Papist Cavaliers disliked him, and if we may trust the impression derived from the king's apology to his wife for appointing "Ned Hyde" chancellor of the exchequer, there was a slight mingling of contempt in the respect with which Charles looked on him.

It is unnecessary to trace the dreary struggle through its successive stages, or to recall any considerable portion of the interminable negotiations which filled the intervals of the clashing of arms; but it will be worth our while to dwell for a few moments on the most important and famous of all the attempts made, before the end of the first civil war, to terminate the quarrel by conference. I allude to the Treaty of Uxbridge, which was an object of inexpressible interest to observant Englishmen and Scotchmen in the first weeks of 1645.

Let us realize the position of parties at this date. Previously to the attempted arrest of the five members, the Houses made no demand upon the military force of the kingdom. They then claimed, for a limited time, the power of naming the lord-lieutenants of counties, who officially commanded the militia. "No, by God," said Charles, "not for an hour," and went on maturing his preparations for war. The second half of 1642 and the spring and summer of 1643, were spent in the ponderous campaigning of Essex and the first set of Parliamentary generals. Charles would not yield, and the Houses, as Clarendon says, felt that they wanted the aid of the Scots to bring him to terms. The Scotch influence accordingly became strong; the Covenant was signed by the English Parliament; the united armies of the Parliament and of Scotland inflicted upon Charles (July, 1644) the ruinous defeat of Marston Moor. After this defeat it was universally felt that, though the king



might protract the conflict, the Houses would conquer. Changes had taken place; Hampden and Pym were dead; what we should now call the patriot Left had given proof of brilliant Parliamentary talent and of startling political audacity; but the moderate or Presbyterian party still held the lead. This party earnestly wished for a settlement, and proposed that negotiations should be entered into with the king. It was not without great difficulty that they carried their point, the advance party dreading of all things an agreement between the Anglican and the Presbyterian royalists. Commissioners, however, were named on both sides to confer upon a treaty, and they betook themselves for that purpose, in the last days of 1644, to the pleasant little town of Uxbridge, overlooking the Colne River, on the western edge of Middlesex.

Hyde, now became Sir Edward, was one of the royal commissioners. He tells us that old associates met each other with pensive cordiality, hoping the frightful bloodshed was now to cease, and better days to dawn. Whitelock found opportunity, in a quiet corner, of rounding into his ear that, though his (Whitelock's) estate lay in the quarters of the Parliament, and where his estate lay he must lie also, his heart was with the king. Vane, St. John, and Prideaux, the brilliant and alarming men of the Left, profoundly feared an understanding between the Presbyterians and the court, and were "spies on the rest" of the Parliamentary commissioners.

They first took up the Church question. On this the Scotchman, Alexander Henderson, stood forth as spokesman of the Parliament, and Clarendon pointedly states that the whole matter was in his hands. In the history of Great Britain, no Scottish ecclesiastic has occupied so august a position; and the fact that Henderson occupied it, implying as it does the entire confidence of his own countrymen, and the trust of that immense multitude of the nobility and people of England which had risen up against the king, proves him to have been no ordinary man. He acted with caution and prudence. It was one of the dominant ideas of the time that ecclesiastical uniformity throughout the three kingdoms could not be dispensed with. Here and there a solitary thinker might have risen above this idea, but it held undisputed sway over the vast majority of minds. On the basis of this agreement Henderson attempted to build. "We all believe," he said in effect, "that

there cannot be more than one ecclesiastical arrangement throughout the three kingdoms; the Episcopal arrangement attempted by Archbishop Laud is impracticable—the logic of half-a-dozen battles, concluding with Marston Moor, settles that; the Presbyterian is the only other arrangement in the field. Let us waive all questions as to whether Episcopacy is lawful or unlawful; it is palpably inexpedient; and his Majesty has shown, by sanctioning a Presbyterian Church in Scotland, that he has no conscientious objections to the system."

Had Charles and Hyde treated the business as statesmen, how would they have proceeded? The door which, by avoidance of any assertion of the unlawfulness of Episcopacy, Henderson almost ostentatiously left open, might have given entrance into the Church, when the Scotch army had been sent home and a new Parliament was elected, to as much Episcopacy as the English nation, if we except the Laudian faction, desired. Hollis, who, Clarendon says, supported the Presbyterians only because they opposed the more aggressive party, and who, after the Restoration, obtained a peerage, can hardly have thought Henderson's proposition irreversibly destructive of Episcopacy in England. The Presbyterians were intensely anxious to arrest the revolution and preserve the monarchy. Clarendon informs us that the Earl of Loudon promised, on behalf of the Scots, that, if satisfied in the Church question, they would use their influence to obtain favourable terms for the king in civil affairs. But Charles and Hyde either would not or could not play the game that was in their hands. About this time a new hope had risen on the king. Montrose's victories were going off in the north, and he mistook their meteoric gleam for dawn. Probably, however, even Montrose's success did not influence Charles so decisively as his immutable faith in the divine right of bishops. Laud himself could not have taken his stand on a narrower dogmatic rock than that on which the ecclesiastical representative of Charles at Uxbridge set his foot. Dr. Stewart maintained that "without bishops there could be no ordination of ministers, and consequently no administration of sacraments, or performance of the ministerial functions." It was idle to expect that the Parliament could assent to this. For four days Henderson tried to draw the king's men from their theological entrenchments, and to have the matter fought out on the open ground of the practical necessities of



the case. Charles stood upon his conscience, and Dr. Stewart told Henderson, in reply to the observation that the king had established Presbytery in Scotland, that the English coronation oath did not bind his Majesty out of England. It is singular that Lord Macaulay, in denying the king's conscientiousness on the ground of his inconsistency, should have overlooked Dr. Stewart's argument.

Charles had thrown away his last chance of being saved by the Presbyterians. Whether the entire party, Scottish and English, could at this stage have saved him is not quite certain; but it is extremely improbable that, if he had granted all the demands of the Presbyterians at Newcastle, eighteen months later, they would have been able to pull him through. One of Clarendon's fixed ideas, now and hereafter, was that the Church could not be saved by the aid of Scottish Presbyterians. Even when acting for Charles II., he absolutely declined that alliance. "If we make the Church what they want it to be" — this appears to have been the gist of his reasoning — "it will not be worth saving; and if we accept their aid in the hope of subsequently checkmating them, we may find them too strong for us. With the English Presbyterians we can deal; sooner or later they will be found manageable; but on the Scotch whinstone we should only break our teeth." He may have been correct. Systems of which the genius is diverse cannot really be amalgamated. Two cuckoos cannot flourish in the same nest; but when one of the rival cuckoos has got the other impaled on the thorns, the young hedge-sparrows, though they may have been of the faction of the fallen, are not formidable. This seems to be the philosophy of Hyde's consistent resolution to hold no terms with English Presbyterians when they acted along with the stubborn Presbyterians of Scotland.

So much in justice to the sagacity of Clarendon; nevertheless there are strong grounds for alleging that he had at Uxbridge a real chance of saving the king's crown and life without conclusively sacrificing Episcopacy. The Scots were already in 1645 disliked in England; so soon as "the war-drums throbbed no longer," there would have been an irresistible desire to send them about their business; and if the Scots had seen the English Presbyterians reasonably treated, and found themselves again on the north of the Tweed, not even the eloquence of Vane would have induced them to recross it. Charles would have fretted and plotted;

but in the supposed case, all the best men of Hampden's party and all the best men of Clarendon's party would have united to prevent him from recalling the *régime* of Strafford in the State or the *régime* of Laud in the Church; and a permanent settlement might have been attained, combining the good that was in the Puritans and the good that was in the Cavaliers. Hallam speaks of the period when the Long Parliament was elected as "more eminent for steady and scrupulous conscientiousness in private life than any, perhaps, that had gone before or has followed." Public spirit, religious earnestness, a high tone of sentiment, a stateliness and reserved courtesy of manner, and even a gravely eloquent and elevated style of speech, were the common characteristics of that great party which, in the first session of the Long Parliament, marched under one banner, and which might, I think, even so late as the beginning of 1645, have been taught to march under one banner again. The revolution, it will be said — I have myself in fact said — was sure to run its course; the river, having risen in flood, could not but sweep over and leave behind the Presbyterian embankment, first, in its outward rush of inundation, secondly, in its return to the original channel. This did occur. This was inevitable from the moment that the party of advance, meagre in numbers, but magnificent in genius, energy, and valour, gained the ascendancy and grasped the sword. But in the beginning of 1645, this party possessed neither ascendancy in Parliament nor control of the army; and if moderate men, Cavalier and Presbyterian, had formed a coalition, I cannot see that the most brilliant minority, while so small as that of the Independents, could have prevailed against them. The Presbyterians infinitely detested the war. The bitterness between the king's commissioners and their old friends of the moderate party, which took the place, Clarendon tells us, in the later sessions of the Uxbridge conference, of that eager and glad civility perceptible on both sides at its commencement, was due to the conscientiousness of the Presbyterians that the Cavaliers were refusing them the opportunity of saving the king, and were forcing them to have recourse to that infant Hercules who was erelong to trample down first Cavaliers and then Presbyterians.

The ecclesiastical commissioners, royal and Parliamentary, having failed to arrive at an agreement, the civil commissioners could hardly hope to agree. The debate

went on for a fortnight longer, but Charles would not surrender the militia, and the day had passed when the Parliament would take less.

In a few months the new model army completed the ruin of the king at Naseby, and little occurred that need detain us until we find Hyde an exile in Jersey.

PETER BAYNE.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
WHITTLEBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER III.

WHITTLEBRIDGE, like many old-fashioned country towns, seemed to have been built on no particular plan. It was vertebrate to the extent of having a main street representing the backbone, and minor ones representing the ribs; but, at the same time, it showed signs of very pronounced spinal curvature. In fact, the High Street might have been laid out on the track of a man who had lost himself, or, at least, was in doubt where he should go. Starting from the Eagle, which was at the Chichester end, he must have kept straight for about one hundred yards, then, suddenly struck with the idea of getting to Brighton, we will suppose him to have deviated to the right; half a furlong of that was enough for him, though — so, sending off a small street in that direction, he returned to his original course, and built the Town Hall and the Green Dragon. Having taken too much at the latter place, he then sloped away in the direction of Guildford, but shortly came to a full stop, and — being of two minds — divided the High Street into two equal portions, and sent them away, half right and half left, like the diverging arms of a Y. History tells us no more of this individual; but, as the church is down a narrow lane to the left, it is possible he got himself buried, and so disappeared from human ken. Of the two halves in which the High Street loses its individuality, that to the left, or on the northern side, had become the aristocratic suburb of modern Whittlebridge. Here dwelt in neat villas retired mayors and tradesfolks, and descendants of ancient Whittlebridgeians, who, having been out in the world of commerce, or law, or physic, had realized small competencies, or earned pensions, and had returned to the old home of their youth. The first house in this road, admirably situated between the aristocratic and the busy quarters of the town, was

that taken by the Standrings. A Dr. Philpots, to whom it belonged (as shown by a brass plate on the door), made rather a good thing of the ducal meeting. Being a widower with two small children, he always sent away his family to the care of a married sister in Guildford, and let his house for the race-week for a sum exactly equivalent to its yearly rental; and in order that he should have the whole benefit of living rent-free throughout the year, and should not lose his practice through absence, he made up a truckle-bed in the surgery (which was built on to the side of the mansion), and slept there unknown to his tenants. Thus he both ate his cake and had it; that is, he let his house and yet lived in it.

While the Standing party were preparing for dinner, and the doctor was sitting on his counter banqueting on a roll and some Australian beef, washed down by some bitter beer out of a medicine-glass, Sir Hector Bentham was being deposited on the platform of the little station of —, seven miles from Whittlebridge, by the down mail from London. Disturbed by the letter which Lady Scorpyp had written to him (in which she stated her fears that Lizzie was "entangled" with a Captain Brookes, of whom she [Lady S.] knew little, except that, having met him at Lady —'s and other places, she had several times asked him to her house), and surprised that Lizzie, who had never had a secret from him in her life, should not have confided in him, he had determined to leave his Devonshire home, from which he rarely stirred, and come and see what it was all about. Accordingly, as it was not possible to get to Whittlebridge direct, he had dashed up to town by the Flying Dutchman, and taken the first train he could catch for the nearest station to the Sussex borough. Lame, from an accident in the hunting-field many years before, by which his leg was so crushed as to leave him with a perfectly stiff limb for the rest of his days, and no conveyances being kept at the station, it was a piece of unwonted good luck that there happened to be a return fly belonging to the Eagle going back to Whittlebridge; and in due course, about half past six, he and his portmanteau were driven up to the door of the "Chasers" hostelry. Leaning against the door-post was a person in dark clothes, with no particular distinguishing marks about him, who *might* have been the landlord, but *was* the member for Slotborough. The moment the fly drove up, that gentleman called for

Welby—who, full of Messrs. Currant & Co.'s champagne, was ready for anything—and ordered him to take the traveller's portmanteau to the state suite of apartments; then he advanced bowing, and said with great fluency, "Very fatiguing travelling this weather, your Grace. Pray, how did you leave the grand duchess? Fit, I hope? Allow me to assist you to alight; ah! a little lame, eh? What is it? thoroughpin? No! Ah, then, a bad splint—nothing like cold bandages; if that fails, a touch of the iron and you're as sound as a bell. There we are! now, take my arm; this way. We shall do our best to make your Grace as comfortable as the limited means at our disposal will allow; mind the step!" (leading him into the "Chasers" dining-room). "Here's a chair; make yourself at home. What'll you take? Gin and bitters? That's right. Welby, gin and bitters for his Grace. Colonel" (to Bottletop), "let me present you to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Pumphandel."

Bentham, at first in doubt, was soon awake to the sort of attention he was receiving; but, being a man with a perfectly childlike enjoyment of fun, he was quite delighted, and submitted to his odd reception with his pleasant face convulsed with chuckles. The Cockatoo, by means of an elegant apology, in which the curses predominated over the politeness, set matters right; and Desborough (and Gorst, who had come in), charmed with the old gentleman's good temper, begged him to sink ceremony, and join their mess for that evening. Sir Hector, who, despite his years and almost constant suffering (for his injured limb was never quite at rest), was still as much a boy at heart as the youngest of them, agreed at once; and by the time Martin and Pym (Gorst's friend) appeared, had become (albeit they did not know his name) quite an intimate friend. The Cockatoo gave him a pithy account of the day's racing, and mentioned that his wonderful judgment in matters equine would have landed him a large winner if his time had not been occupied in looking after a lady, "Devilish handsome woman, sir! a widow; none of your chits of girls, but one of the sort that knows the world, and with a figure, sir! by —, she must scale twelve stone. In India, sir, that woman would be *priceless*. In 1844, the rajah of Ramnugger gave a lakh for a shapeless mass of a creature they called the 'Rose of Cashmere,' who wasn't a patch upon this one. Brookes of ours and I are to meet her at dinner to-night.

I wish you were coming, sir. You would admire that woman, I know."

"Pray, colonel," said the baronet, "as you seem to know the people here, can you tell me whereabouts a certain Lady Scorpy is staying?"

"By —, sir, that *is* the woman! Do you know her? The fact is, I did not know her myself till this morning; she is a friend of one of my officers, Captain Brookes. Brookes!" (to Charlie, who made his appearance dressed for dinner) "here is a friend of Lady Scorpy; by Jove, is it so late? I must go and get ready—down in a minute;" and he disappeared. Charlie explained where the Standrings lived, and suggested that they would be doubtless glad to see Lady Scorpy's friend at dinner; but the baronet said he would postpone his visit, which was more on business than anything else, till the next morning—explaining, at the same time, that he was engaged to feed with the Eagle party; so Charlie and the Cockatoo departed.

Dinner at the inn was of rather a rough order of cookery; but, as the "Chasers" had brought their own fluids, the party was hilarious enough, and, by the time several bottles of very heavily-loaded claret had been disposed of, they were all (including the cheery baronet) ready for anything. Pym (Gorst's friend) had succeeded in "conveying" (no one knew whence) a paint-pot, containing a gallon of coal-tar, with a brush, which he had placed conspicuously on the mantelpiece; and Desborough, to whom this no doubt suggested visions of successful high art, rose to make a speech.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," said the M.P., "far from the madding crowd, we, the ornaments of society, find ourselves somewhat in the position of William Penn, or of Captain Cook, or Livingstone, or any of the other pioneers of civilization, among the simple natives of a remote land, inasmuch as, conscious of the blessing of superior acquaintance with the arts and weapons of cultivated Europe, it is our bounden duty to spread enlightenment around us—*fiat lux*. It has been justly asked, 'What effect upon human development have the greatest victories or the fiercest revolutions had, compared with the invention of the spinning-jenny or the discovery of the printing-press?' Gentlemen, by means of yonder humble utensil (pointing to the tar-pot) much may be done to introduce the arts into this benighted spot. Some one called it a 'dull hole;' to the dull all things are dull, but

to the enlightened mind the primitive rusticity of such a place is field for glorious experiment. Gentlemen, the future inhabitants of Whittlebridge will look back upon this night as the era from which their awakening shall date. Drink, my friends, drink! there is noble work before us." "What's up now?" growled Martin; "are we to draw the snoring yokels, thrash the watch, and kiss the early milk? Pshaw! there is no watch and no milk, at least no unwatered milk." "No, sir," replied the M.P., "my proposition is more serious: I move that the House do go into committee to consider the best method of improving the architectural decorations of this long-neglected city. Seeing that we are in a strange country, it is necessary that our operations should take something of the military form. I therefore propose that my friend (if he will allow me to call him so) General Sir Joseph Gorst be appointed umpire-in-chief, and do take the tactical direction of the manœuvres. The allies, represented by our distinguished guest the grand duke (being somewhat disabled), will have command of the reserve, consisting of Brigadier Pym in charge of the tar. Corporal Welby, being a light weight, will form the advance, and also the storming party should an assault by escalade be determined on. The remainder will form the main body. Gentlemen, fill your glasses: I give you 'Victory' or 'Whittlebridge Police Station.' Now then, fall in! Are you ready? The column will advance."

The shades of night had long fallen when the army emerged from the gate of the Eagle's yard. On the opposite side of the way a short distance down the street, stood the first of a row of small houses. It was built of joists and plaster, and, like its neighbours, consisted of two storeys with a lattice-window to each, and above them the high-pitched roof formed a kind of attic or loft, lit only by a round hole in the middle of the triangle facing the street; beside the door and jutting out at an angle of 70° was a gaudy, newly-painted barber's pole, and pendent from its butt hung a board notifying "Easy Shaving." It is doubtful if Mr. Vargrave the barber had ever been a good man; but if you had consulted any inhabitant (more especially the sergeant or either of the three constables who formed the borough police force), you would have been told that he must have "gone wrong" very many years before. That he was a poacher was nothing; but that he was a poach-

er of such stupendous cunning that it was impossible to catch him in the fact, made a difference from the police point of view; but, besides this comparatively small blot on his character, he was known to be a returned convict, and moreover, was quarrelsome in his cups, having, on more than one occasion, shown a readiness to settle a dispute with a knife, which is an unpardonable offence in rural eyes.

No sooner had the eyes of the adventurers fallen upon the barber's insignia than a simultaneous desire for a standard seemed to seize them all; but just at that moment the door opened, and two figures appeared in the entrance. It was evident, as soon as they came forth into the moonlight which was illuminating the street, that one of them was very drunk, because they were leaning against each other *shoulder to shoulder*. Now when two men have lost the power of retaining an equilibrium, they are incapable of balancing the centre of gravity between them for any length of time; but while one of the pair still retains his perpendicularity, he can, by varying his position, overcome the instability of his companion without losing his own balance. In this instance the supporter was the barber, the supported the barber's friend. The barber was a bandy-legged, bull-necked villain, with a low forehead, a small bright black eye, and a square jaw; he had one of those very red faces which sometimes accompany coal-black hair; and no doubt a confirmed habit of taking too much drink helped to intensify its colour. He was not a man a timid stranger would select as a confidant or confederate in any enterprise wherein loyalty to one's comrade was required; yet to the adventurers from the Eagle he seemed (such is the effect of deep potations) to be the very best fellow they had ever met. There is a sympathy in drink which goes by stages; and Bill Vargrave was just about as far gone as the architectural quintette. In their eyes the barber's friend, who was in the next stage, and was unable to walk without assistance, was contemptibly drunk; in fact, their disgust at his state was the more pronounced, on the principle that in drink, as in theology, the greater the accordance in general, the more hateful appear particular differences.

All great events are governed by trifles, and it hung on a balance, which the slightest conversational straw might have turned, whether the introduction between the parties eventuated in a free fight or in fraternization; but a desire on the part

of the strangers to have an assistant in their laudable enterprise who was acquainted with the town, and the prospect on the barber's of free drink for the night, subdued the bellicose spirit, and the new-made alliance being cemented with brandies and sodas (for which purpose they returned to the Eagle), a solemn consultation was held as to future proceedings. Gorst, as umpire-in-chief, delivered himself of the following "general idea:" I. Floral decorations on the window-sills of houses to be the first object of attack by the advance party; no attack to be made on a window showing a light; party to fall back on supports on the enemy becoming alarmed; on pursuit being attempted, all to disperse and rendezvous at the town-hall. II. Public-house and other signs to be removed, as tending to destroy the regularity of the perspective; if not removable, to be improved with Pym's coal-tar. Finally, the standard to be planted on the citadel, and the place declared carried.

On preparing to set forth on their expedition a second time, it was discovered that the stirrup-cup had decided the fate of the barber's friend; for, on endeavouring to get up from his chair, he fell prone upon his back, with the posterior part of his villainous cranium in sharp contact with the steel fender, and remained immovable. Having a very dirty bald patch on the top of his head, and there being a draught down the chimney, Pym very considerably applied a coating of coal-tar, as a preventive to neuralgia; and they sallied forth, leaving this gentleman to get sober at his leisure. Sir Hector, whose lameness prevented his keeping up with his more juvenile companions, also remained at the inn; and it was arranged that after the raid they should come and display whatever trophies the chances of war might throw into their hands.

As it turned out, the baronet was never very long in his solitude; for, the public being closed, and the barber having a thirst upon him which it seemed impossible to assuage for more than ten minutes at a time, he and Gorst, who had struck up a great alliance, were continually appearing at the Eagle.

Somewhat on the principle which made Artemus Ward, by way of ingratiating himself with the London policeman, address him as "Sir Richard," Gorst, with the cunning of incipient intoxication, insisted on calling the barber "Truefitt;" and that worthy, to whom the great professor of his craft was probably unknown

even by name, accepted the appellation as he would have accepted any other, so long as he, Bill Vargrave (and *not* Truefitt) was supplied with unlimited rum.

There were many public-houses in Whittlebridge, and of these, most had signs; but as the sign-boards were all hung on horizontal bars some ten or twelve feet from the ground, the process of improving them, adopted by the committee of taste, was extremely difficult. Many times did they essay to form a pyramid of three — the barber, as the broadest, being chosen as the pedestal; then on his back, Desborough; and finally, as the apex, the artist, who, from his light weight, was generally young Welby; but although they succeeded, with much difficulty, in obliterating the head of the "Marquis of Granby," and running the "bend sinister" across the body of the "Red Lion," the number of falls this human ladder experienced through the unsteadiness of the barber was incalculable; and finally, half the tar having been spilt upon the two underneath performers, and the pot broke on the pavement, sign-painting had to be abandoned, and the party separated to beat up the various by-streets. The Whittlebridgeians are an early people and a sleepy people, and the fun of removing from their window-ledges several dozens of flower-pots, and ranging them artistically round the town-pump, soon fell flat, without the stimulus of opposition. Thereupon they fell back upon the Eagle; Welby and Pym had been most successful, and displayed several handsome specimens of local manufacture — item, a brass plate, engraved, "*Seminary for Young Ladies; the Misses Robinson;*" a board with "*Office-hours 10 to 4*" upon it; a bronze knocker, representing a dog with a ring in his mouth; a brass bell-handle, and several other less valuable works of art. These gallant acts having been acknowledged by the general commanding, the party set to work to endeavour to reduce the barber to a frame of mind in which he should see the desirability of stealing his own pole — the design being to erect it in some conspicuous place as a mark of victory.

The amount of rum the barber managed to put away was something astonishing; and in after-times, when more capable of reflection, it occurred to some of them that there must have been some deception; possibly he was playing "fox," and pouring the spirit quietly on the floor; but to all proposals regarding his pole he was obdurate. At last, however, Martin,



by discussing the subject of cock-fighting, with which the barber's sodden brain seemed to be filled, induced him to take him down to a small shanty near the river, for the purpose of exhibiting a couple of game-cocks, which he said "were the real thing," and which he (the barber) was ready to put in the pit against any birds in England for "fifty pun'." Taking advantage of his absence, the party were soon in possession of the newly-painted standard-pole, to the head of which they attached the "Easy Shaving" board, and proceeded up the street, looking for a convenient place where they could "hang their banner on the outer walls." Dr. Philpots's mansion was determined on, not so much from the old identity of the two professions as from its imposing appearance; and also because of its stucco portico (easy to climb), which projected into the road-way, and on the top of which the banner would be visible the whole length of the street.

All this time, as the people who get snowballed and write to the *Times* say, "Where are the police?" The police were all right; the sergeant and the two senior officers were in bed and asleep, but the junior guardian of the peace was on duty; he knew all about it; he had his eyes about him. Being young, intelligent, and gifted with a small memorandum-book and the stump of a lead-pencil, he dodged about the side streets taking notes, and terrible legal vengeance was accumulating upon the heads of the nocturnal wreckers. It would not do (in accordance with the traditions of the force) to interfere as long as any mischief remained to be done; but seeing the procession with the banner in front, and Sir Hector (who had come out to see the *finale*) limping with his crutch behind, advancing on the doctor's house, he made a *détour*, and, just as they commenced the escalade, he let himself in at the back-door and gave the alarm of "burglars."

The Standring's dinner-party had gone off with great *éclat*; Charlie Brookes, to whose share Lizzie of course fell, was in the seventh heaven of happiness, and would equally have enjoyed a far worse dinner than the excellent repast Mrs. Job had provided. The Cockatoo, also, who took Mrs. Standring in to dinner, but had the buxom widow on his right hand, divided his attention in a manner which was most unfair to his hostess. After dinner, Lizzie sang; and even Lady Scorpy, at the Cockatoo's urgent request, was pre-

ailed upon to warble "The Last Rose of Summer," in a voice which, if rather cracked in its higher notes, had still plenty of volume, and they were all taken by surprise when the doctor's clock struck twelve.

With many anticipations for the morrow, the gentlemen were perparing to depart, when the policeman's alarming news was brought up by a frightened flunkey, followed to the door of the room by the policeman himself. Just as he was describing the truculent gang he had seen climbing the portico, a crash of glass was heard, and the male portion of his listeners dashed down-stairs and out of the front door just in time for the Cockatoo (who was leading) to be knocked down by the falling body of Sub-Lieutenant Gorst, who, without looking at the enemy, took to his heels followed by Desborough, who had, in the absence of the barber, formed the bottom man in the column they had erected to enable young Welby to plant the standard on the porch. It was this youth's misfortune, in endeavouring to fix the pole, to drive it through the bottom pane of the window looking on the balcony. He, poor devil! unable to get down, except through the house, was easily captured; but the others, with the exception of Sir Hector, fairly outran Brookes and Standing.

The baronet, unable to run, yielded himself unconditionally to the policeman, and was brought into the hall to be inspected by lamp-light. And the ladies having descended the stairs, a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Lady Scorpy tottered to the wall and shrieked an astounded "Sir Hector BENTHAM!" gradually raising her voice to a yell as she enunciated the name; and Lizzie, with a cry of "Uncle Hector!" rushed forward and tore him from the custody of the law; and, between crying and laughing, kissed him with frantic delight. This not being the sort of reception a burglar, taken red-handed, is expected to meet with, police constable Z 280 was considerably puzzled; and Mrs. Standing, until Lizzie released her uncle and introduced that surprised gentleman in due form, very naturally thought that all her guests had gone mad.

By the time Standing and Charlie (both very much blown) had returned, and Bottletop (much bruised) had been picked up, all necessary explanations had been made, Welby ignominiously brought down from up-stairs and pardoned, and the policeman complimented on his prowess, and relegated to the nether regions of cold beef and unlimited beer; and Lizzie whispered in



Sir Hector's ear, almost with a tear of entreaty in her voice, "Uncle, dear, I want you to like Captain Brookes *very much indeed*." Uncle Hector, being in that state in which it is easy to like any one—and everything he had heard concerning Charlie from his brother soldiers having been particularly favourable, not forgetting the information that he was "devilish well off"—shook hands with him in a most cordial way; and, after a thousand apologies from the baronet to the Standrings for his share in the attack on their (unsuspected) abode, and very tender hand-squeezing to certain ladies from certain gallant warriors, the four belonging to the Eagle set out for their inn.

It was quite touching to see the way in which Charlie Brookes took care of the baronet; how he supported his lame side instead of the crutch, which he insisted on carrying, and listened to his slightest utterance as if it was a proverb of Solomon. The Cockatoo, having got an embryo black eye from the heel of Gorst's boot, was very wroth, and, by way of taking the edge off his indignation, had ordered the wretched Welby to depart for Hounslow early the next morning, and report himself under arrest; but Brookes! Brookes thought it the "best joke he had ever known, quite the right thing to do,"—"wished" (hypocrite!) "he had been of the party,"—and, finally, so exaggerated the merits of the escapade, that Sir Hector, who saw his object with amusement, had to take the other tack, and confess (what was the simple fact) that, carried away by the high spirits of the young folk at the inn, he had joined in a "lark" little becoming a man of his years; "but the truth is, my dear fellow," pleaded the baronet, "I lead a life I am very well contented with; but, at the same time, there is a sameness (what *you* would call a dulness) about it which, I suppose, allows what little spirit of devilry there is in a man to accumulate, till, on sudden temptation like the present, it breaks out; and, by Jove! to-night I could have bonneted a policeman or stolen a knocker myself!" When they arrived at the Eagle, Martin was found alone; the barber had come back with him, aroused his friend (who had snored peaceably throughout the evening on the hearth-rug), and together they had departed with the rum-bottle. Apparently he had taken the abstraction of his pole in good part—that is, he had said nothing, but looked (as Martin described it) *grim*. They did not know the barber, but the intelligent policeman *did*, and he had re-

marked, when he saw the pole, "Bill Vargrave 'll 'ave a settlin' with they gents yet, you bet; they ain't a-done with that barber, I tell ye." *Neither had they.*

Desborough and Gorst had bolted to the inn without knowing by whom they had been pursued, but were joined by Pym, who had from the other side of the street seen the state of the case. Thereupon they determined to go to bed before the Cockatoo returned.

It is hard to say whether the "Chasers" were proud of their colonel or not. He was a good officer and a very gallant man, had been promoted for service in the field, and had got more Indian sword-cuts and bullet-wounds in his tough old hide than would have finished half-a-dozen staff-college heroes; but his manners were more those of a moss-trooper than a modern hussar, and his language (particularly to the men) was not only dreadful but demoralizing; and the result was, that no ordinary duty in the "Chasers" could be carried on without a chorus of oaths from the regimental sergeant-major down to the last-joined recruit. But Bottletop's temper, though terrific, was short-lived; and though it was pretty certain that if he saw Gorst that night the latter would have small chance of attending any more races for some time to come, he had good hopes that by the morning the storm would have subsided.

Poor Sir Hector was very tired, and glad to retire to rest; but though there might be bed for him, rest there was none. Brookes, with characteristic persistency, was not going to let him sleep until he had extracted from him some sort of consent to his marriage with Lizzie; so the poor old man, with tired limbs and bewildered brain, was fain to listen to Brookes's story, from which, at least, it was plain that in a worldly point of view there was no inequality, and therefore nothing to be said against the match; and as Charlie sat on his bed like the old man of the sea, and didn't show any signs of leaving him to his slumbers, for peace' sake at last he was forced to say, that if he found Lizzie's heart set upon marrying into the "Chasers," he, as her guardian, would not take it upon himself to say "no." Whereupon Charlie blessed and almost embraced him, and, with his tallow candle in the last stage of gutteringness, went to his room in a state of blissful rejoicing.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE pale, yellow rays of the morning sun shone with vivid brightness in through

the uncurtained windows of the white-papered little bedrooms of the Eagle, wherein the "Chasers" and their friends slept the deep sleep of over-night debauch. Those same rays illuminated the angry population of Whittlebridge, gathered in small groups round the evidences of last night's frolic. There was a small crowd gazing solemnly at the tar-smirched physiognomy of the "Marquis of Granby;" another body were taking equal interest in the novel marking of the "Red Lion;" and a still larger party, consisting principally of enraged proprietors, surrounded the fountain opposite the town-hall, which was decorated with a choice collection of pots of geraniums, fuchsias, and other window-flowers. The sergeant of police was nearly torn in pieces by the sisters who kept the "Seminary for Young Ladies," by the surveyor who had lost his notice-board, the knockerless chemist, and the widow lady deprived of her bell-pull; but gradually (as the greater body attracts and absorbs others of smaller bulk) these points were deserted for a spot farther up the street towards the Eagle, where a mysterious symbol, high in air, projected from the top storey of a gabled house. The upturned countenances of the multitude at first expressed simple curiosity; but when a groom-looking man in the crowd shouted out *what* it was they were gazing at, a ripple of joy spread over the sea of faces, and, moved by one simultaneous impulse, a hoarse shout of gratified vengeance went up to heaven.

Meanwhile the inmates of the Eagle, unconscious of the popular excitement, were hastening through a late breakfast preparatory to starting for the course, when, with a hurried rap at the door, the dismayed countenance of one of the drag-grooms made its appearance, and requested to speak with Martin.

"What is it, Stubbs?" said he; "speak up, man—anything wrong with the horses?"

"No, sir, please, sir," replied Stubbs; "but, sir, they've got the—the—the *pole*, sir."

"*Pole*? damn it, what the blazes do you mean?" shouted the Cockatoo.

"Why, cornel," said Stubbs, half-grinning, "*the drag pole*; they must 'ave stole it out of the coach-house in the night, and its a-stickin' hout of the top of a 'ouse down the street."

"What house? Why don't you go and get it?"

"Well, sir, we've been, sir, along with the p'leece, and it's the barber's 'ouse

—and he's mad drunk and hauled up the ladder arter 'im, and says 'e'll cut any one's throat with a razor that tries to get at 'im."

"By the everlasting and eternal thunderbolts of Jove!" shouted the Cockatoo, jumping up and seizing his hat; "come along, my lads—we'll give this barber a lesson;" and strode out of the house and down the street, followed by all the party except the baronet and Brookes, who had not put in an appearance. But, alas! numbers will do much, and courage will dare anything; but inaccessibility and desperation are a match for both. The barber, concealing under a simulated helplessness a cunning design of dire vengeance for the rape of his professional emblem, had, after parting with Martin (and probably assisted by his friend), taken the pole of the "Chasers'" coach from the shed in which it was stowed, carried it up to the loft above his sleeping-room, which was reached through a trap-door by a movable ladder, and, pushing it through the round orifice by which the attic was lighted, had drawn up the ladder and determined to defend himself to the death.

Here was a dilemma! The crowd favoured the Cockatoo and his followers, as they dashed into the barber's abode, with three groans, repeated afterwards, at intervals, about three hundred times. It was easy enough to penetrate to the upper storey, but beyond that there was no ascending. They found the police sergeant and Stubbs expostulating with the besieged, whose crimson face and thick voice indicated (what was the fact) that he had spent the night in drinking till he was on the verge of delirium. When he approached the trap it could be seen that he held an open razor in one hand, and in the other something white—what this last was they were soon to see.

Bottletop, finding there was no scaling-ladder to be got, dragged the bed underneath the trap-door, and seizing a packing-case, which did duty for the barber's wardrobe, proceeded to hoist it on to the bed: at this moment the barber's arm appeared, and the white article fell exactly on the back of the Cockatoo's head. A scratch—a yell from Bottletop, who jumped off the bed; and the teeth of a large, hungry, unmuzzled ferret were firmly fixed in his muscular neck!

It was with difficulty that the ferocious *mustela* was choked off, and the attack renewed. Time after time the colonel and Martin, Desborough and Gorst, attempted to storm the barber's stronghold;

and time after time, sometimes white, sometimes red, and sometimes brindled, but always savage, the unerring ferret met the unprotected face. To draw yourself up through a hole in the ceiling protected by a maniac with a razor and an apparently inexhaustible supply of ferrets, is no such easy work; and the certainty of getting your face scratched and the probability of getting your throat cut, do not make it more attractive. Therefore, when the barber, suddenly ceasing his shower of ferrets, was heard to drag something heavy across the floor, and the long snout and curly lips of a very large badger appeared at the opening, Martin, who was eager to get away in time for the first race, suggested a parley. Silence being called, the policeman was instructed to ask the terms on which the pole would be given up.

"Bill," said the bobby, "the gentlemen have had their fun, and now they wants to be off. They don't mind standin' something handsome if you give up the pole."

"Damn 'em," said the barber, coming to the trap, "a-turning the 'ole town hup-side-down, and then a-comin' and messin' my 'ouse about. They shall 'ave their cussed thing when I gets the price of a new pole for my shop—that'll be a matter o' two pun' ten. Then there be my loss o' time and hinjury to trade—call that thutty bob; and a couple of gallons o' Jamaickey, to show there's no ill feeling, 'll come to a sov. Let's say a fiver, gents—and me up a fiver, and there's your thundering great stick whenever you likes."

The barber was triumphant. Shameful to record, the money was paid; the pole carried out through the jeering crowd, in whose eyes the barber was, for that day at least, the most popular man in the town; and with hang-dog air, poorly masked by a feeble attempt at swagger, the defeated assaulting party returned to the Eagle. There they found the baronet and Charlie Brookes, and with them Lizzie Bentham, who had come to go with her now-acknowledged lover on the "Chasers'" drag. It was, perhaps, owing to her sweet, happy face, as she sat by Martin on the box, that the crowd gathered outside the Eagle forbore to do more than murmur under their breaths; but as the coach leaving the town turned round the corner of the bridge over the Whittle, a shrill cry came borne upon the breeze—"WHO STOLE THE BARBER'S POLE?"

For some distance deep silence reigned upon the drag. Charlie and Lizzie were too contented with the world in general to

care for much conversation, and the rest seemed oppressed by some gloomy thought. At last, as they commenced the steep ascent to the course, Martin turned round and spoke—

"Some one else may drive the coach back; I shall go to town by train, and never again will I set foot in that confounded place."

"Nor I," sprang simultaneously from the lips of Desborough, Gorst, and Pym.

"Then," said Charlie Brookes, "what's to happen? I must go back, for I dine with the Standings; but I object to drive the empty drag."

"Some one must pay the Eagle's bill," said Bottletop (thinking of Lady Scorpy and her attractions); "so, if you fellows are determined to break up the party, let Martin drive the coach to Chichester, and send it off by rail. I'll go back with you, Brookes, in a fly, and Miss Bentham and Sir Hector can, of course, go home with Mrs. Standing."

Thus it came to pass that one of the most distinguished regiments in her Majesty's service was put to flight by the drunken barber of a little town *which isn't even mentioned in the map.*

That "Simple Billy" won "the stakes" that year, everybody knows; and everybody who was anywhere near the Standings' carriage must have known that Lieutenant-Colonel Bottletop, C.B., paid very marked attentions to the widow of the late Sir Patrick Scorpy; for the one fact was as patent as the other, and this led to a consultation between the Devonshire baronet and the affianced couple. This again led to a conversation between Charlie and his colonel as they drove to Whittlebridge in their hired conveyance.

"You see," remarked the Cockatoo, in answer to some hints of his companion, "Lydia Scorpy is the sort of woman I've been looking for this thirty years; but, you know, I've only a few hundreds a-year besides pay, and that infernal old idiot who had 'first call' of her tied up his cussed money, so that she loses most of it if she marries again. To be sure, it will come to you, so it don't so much matter; but still, there's the rub."

"Well, I'll tell you what, colonel," rejoined Charlie; "I've been talking to Sir Hector about it, and also to Liz—Miss Bentham; and as we can afford to be generous—and it would be a pity to let such a fine woman go out of the regiment—I'll bet you eight hundred pounds a-year to nothing (for her life) that you don't marry the widow."

"Done along with you, Charlie Brookes!" said the Cockatoo, grasping his hand warmly; "it's a bet, and you're a brick!"

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
SPELLING.

IN the early numbers of this magazine—in Hogarth's biography, if the writer be not mistaken—some severe remarks were made touching the orthography of the conqueror at Ramillies and Oudenarde, nor indeed was that of his duchess allowed to escape uncensured. Very derogatory were these remarks to the brave warrior and his generous wife, but unfortunately also very true. It must not, however, be supposed that these sinners were sinners above all those of their own time, or before and after them, that they suffered such things from the able writer of that article. The tower of Siloam which fell on them might also have fallen on many more that once upon a time dwelt in merry England. In the reign of Henry V. good spelling and clean shirts were equally rare luxuries. Leicester, says Disraeli, spelt his own name in eight different methods, while the family appellation of Villers, in deeds and documents relating to the house, is spelt in at least a dozen. Mainwaring passed through one hundred and thirty-one orthographical permutations, and is even now, if spelling have aught to do with pronunciation, spelt incorrectly at last. The immortal bard himself, not to speak of what others did for him, changed his own mind some thirty times, according to Halliwell, as to the letters and the sequence of the letters composing his illustrious patronymic. Elizabeth wrote sovereign in as many ways as she knew languages—that is, seven. The young Pretender, following his own sweet will, and entirely free from any servile bondage to the letter, writes of his father as a certain Jems or Gems. In those palmy days, when every man was his own speller, when military examinations were not, little astonishment would have been raised by such arbitrary orthography as lately adorned the paper of a candidate for one of her Majesty's appointments in the line. That candidate spelt elegy *leg*, and ingeniously evolved *pashshinger* out of passenger. Much ingenuity, nay imagination, inspired another, who framed *Indian ears* out of engineers. But what are such trifling irregularities as

these to the caprice of—say, her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk? The Duchess of Norfolk was one of the most accomplished ladies of the sixteenth century, the friend of scholars, the patron of literature. She wrote to Cromwell, Earl of Essex thus:—"My fary gode lord—her I sand you in tokyn hoff the neweyer a glasse hoff Setyl set in Sellfer gyld. I pra you tak hit An hy wer habel het showlde be bater," etc. The patron of literature has ingeniously contrived to spell *I* and *it* each in two different ways in as many lines. What this friend of scholars intended the earl to understand by *Setyl* is very obscure. There is a Scotch word something like it signifying "a disease affecting sheep in the side," but this the most accomplished lady can scarcely have meant. Nor was French spelling much better than English in the olden time. Royal letters of the last century are distinguished by such heterodox combinations as *J'avoiient* and *j'itté*. Indeed good spelling seems to have formerly been considered a vulgarity, mere yeoman's service. "Base," might many a Louis have said, parodying the ancient Pistol—"base is the soul that spells." So in effect said Will Honeycomb, when some errors were detected in the letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. He never liked pedantry in spelling, and spelt like a gentleman and not like a scholar. So probably did all the ladies, the Picts, Idols, and Blanks of the society of his time. Sunday superfine spelling was left to servants and scholars and such low folk, or consigned by power of attorney to the compositor's care. The whole of the ancient world seems to have suffered from heresy and schism, and heterography was universal. Spelling-primers were not, or their occupation was gone. A dive into old books and papers, but especially papers, is a dive into a chaos as dark and full of confusion as that which, if Milton be believed, was disagreeable to the devil (which, says Johnson, were more properly written *divil*) himself.

The wide tract of literary common in which early writers generally expatiated was considerably closed in by the composing-stick. But even the press seems sometimes to have added errors rather than taken them away. Chaucer, as well as the poet of the "Ormolum," has left on record his solicitude about the correct spelling of his works, yet we find the same word printed in half-a-dozen different ways on the same page. Notoriously

too the printers adjusted their orthography only too often by no higher or more scientific consideration than the length of their lines. The Orientals are wont to lengthen a final letter, to avoid an unseemly hiatus at the end of a line, and our early printers were licentious enough to add or take away letters for the same purpose. Printed English literature became a garden of lopped and grafted growths; exogens and endogens flourished there in abundance. The printer's galley was a Procrustean bed for most of the unhappy words that were fated to fall therein. So in the New Testament translated by the talented Tyndale we have "it"—one poor little word tortured in seven ways—spelt *itt, yt, ytt, hit, hilt, hyt, and hytt*. This indeed, may be owing to the love of change in Tyndall himself; but it seems evident that in the edition of our Holy Bible, published in 1611, *hot* is also printed *whot, hote, ye yee, hadst haddest*, with a thousand similar variations, for no other reason than that which induced a compositor to set up master-piece as *Mr. Piece*—convenience of spacing. Poetry is found to be usually more correct, as there was less need for this device. The press played with words as the antiquated devices of poetic altars, eggs, wings, and axes, those combinations of caprice and industry, played with good sense.

The confusion of *j* and *i* in the edition of 1611, as *Iesus* for *Jesus*, and of *u* and *v* as *euery* (every) and *vnto* (unto), together with a capricious use of capitals, are not strictly variations of spelling, but they lend a weird appearance to the text.

The normal changes which English orthography has undergone, as opposed to these, resulting from the license of printers and the humour of private individuals, are not so many as might be well imagined. The conclusion of the Lord's Prayer appears in Alfred's Anglo-Saxon *Ac alyse us of yfle* in the twelfth century, *Ac alys fram yfele* in the fourteenth century, in Wyclif's version *But delyvere us from yvel*, and in the Authorized Version of 1600 as we now write it. The Bible has indeed been a great conservative power in the domain of English orthography.

Dictionaries restrained in their turn the vagaries of printers, and comparative order rose out of chaos. But even dictionaries, though they arrested, could not nor can retard evolution. Spelling changes continually, like life or a river. A living language never becomes petrified—*omnia mutantur*. Cotgrave's dictionary, which was published in 1650,

contains spellings now comparatively rare. *Abbesse, abhominable, abisme, abricot, accademie, accrew, accroch, accoast*, with many more, may be found in the first two pages, old coins more than once called in, melted down and reissued before they assumed their present form. It may perhaps be fairly said that about half the words spelt as Cotgrave spelt them a little over two centuries back, are now spelt differently, or altogether dropt out of our language, long dead and forgotten. More than half of his definition of "*coquette*" is for this reason unintelligible. But his words evidently convey reproach, and seem to proceed from the mouth of one who has suffered. A *coquette*, says Cotgrave, is a *fisking or flipperous minx, a cocket, a titisill, a flebergebit*.

Only a hundred years elapsed between Cotgrave and Johnson, but in these years how great a change! Johnson's dictionary is indeed, owing probably mainly to the printing-press, far nearer in its spelling to our present fashion than Cotgrave's spelling was to that of Johnson. Nearer still would it have been were it not for some of the doctor's eccentricities. Music, physic, were before Johnson's time spelt without a final *k*. The word was at first *musicke*, then *music*, then music. Johnson objected to the apocope of the *k*—for that of the *e*, he seems to have little cared, though he affectionately preserved this letter in *malecontent* and *maleadministration*—and returned to the old form, though he ventured not to write *musickal* or *acatalectick*. "Sir," might the good doctor have said, addressing some stickler for *music*, "where shall we conclude? Shall we for the convenience of the idle and the expedition of the ignorant curtail our verbal inheritance of its prescribed proportions? Shall we humorously unsettle the orthography of our fathers, and teach our children to write, *Dic gave Jac a kic and a knoc on the bac with a thic stic?*" Custom, however, the ultimate arbitress of orthography, has disdained to take that one ewe lamb from the poor: she has left the *k* to these monosyllables though she has ruthlessly robbed their richer congeners.

It was the desire of this lexicographer to regulate confusion and disentangle perplexity. Therefore he presents us with *ambassadour* but sculptor, *antior* but posterior, *interiour* but exterior, *horroure* but stupor. These -ours and -ors are to the present day bones of contention. More will be said of them hereafter. At present it may be presumed that as all or most



of this class of words are derived from the Latin through the French, the same fashion of spelling should be adopted throughout, did not custom say us nay; and it would be better perhaps to write honour, but honorable, as entire but inquire. Dr. Johnson professed to expunge inconsistencies and absurdities, and so we have *moveable*, but immovable; *reconcilable*, *tameable*, *saleable*, lose the e in compounds; *chastely* but chastness, *blustrous* but boisterous, *aberuncate* but averruncate, *amasment* but embarrassment, *dissolvable* but indissolvable, *chilifactory* but chyle, *sackcloth* but haircloth, *hemistick* but distich, *parsnep* but turnip, *hiss* but unbiased, *docil* but indocile, *miscal* but recall, *waterfal* but snowball, *dunghil* but molehill, *downhil* but uphill. Again, we have *lodgement*, in which, says Walker, rectitude of habit corrected the errors of criticism, — but judgment, and the reader who verifies this fact will probably wonder why in a work intended to delight him with facilities of immediate reference, j and i and u and v, whether initials, medials, or finals, are so curiously commingled. Dr. Johnson is followed by Walker in his spelling *skeptick*, though with a remonstrance of the latter — who, however, does not spell *skeleton* — against the conformation of spelling to a pronunciation contrary to analogy, as pregnant with the greatest evils that can befall a language. The learned doctor has in the same way preserved the old landmark, which at any time might guide the original proprietors in a resumption of their property, by writing “skirrhus,” a word by the way spelt by Bailey and Fenning somewhat eccentrically, and altogether incorrectly — *schirrhus*. The terminations -ize and -ise have caused much perplexity. Some tell us to use -ize where the word is derived from the Greek, or from another English word, but -ise where the word is not so derived, or with respect to us is primitive. Thus we shall write systematize, fertilize, but surprise, assise; size, prize, apprise, and many other words must then be regarded as the exceptions which abundantly prove every rule in English orthography. Webster simply says that -ize is most affected by American, -ise by English printers. Johnson's rule, if he possessed any, must have been extremely subtle, since he gives us bastardize but dastardise. He is supported by Nares in his preference of such spellings as *affraid*, *agen*, *ake*, *anthymin*, *causey*, *cimeter*, *devest*, *gelly*, and *indeble*.

Walker, who published his dictionary in

1791, gives us *daub* but *bedaub*, and proposes, though he does not introduce it into the body of his work, *judgement* on analogy of lodgement, *bluly* on the analogy of truly, *wholely* on the analogy of solely, and as, he says, there is no hope of restoring the double l to *talness*, etc., he would write *ilness*, etc., making the less numerous class follow the majority. But the contrary of this has, as we know, taken place. Analogy is the rock on which most of our lexicographers have incurred damage, but it is in English orthography what moral considerations are in law — nothing. Letters, says the author of “*Epea Pteroenta*,” like soldiers, are apt to fall off in a long march; they are seldom added on as in latchet, upholsterer, scent, whole, redoubt, vineyard, leather, tongue, launch, etc.; but lexicographers have cashiered several before they have manifested any symptoms of fatigue. This injustice has been perpetrated in *waterfal*, etc.; but Walker was unwilling to lose the u in *favor* and *honor*, those two servile attendants — as he was very angry with them he said this — on cards and notes of fashion. In his time, however, favour and honour were looked upon as *gauche* and rustic in the extreme, while *errour* and *authour* were decidedly antiquated, though quite correct in the days that were accustomed to see *serwet* and *sceleton*. Johnson's capricious behaviour has been already alluded to, and he has been followed by Walker with a touching fidelity. Walker's reverence for so great a man would not allow him to spell the final syllable of anterior and posterior alike. The tendency to drop the u is obvious, and will, if anything can be predicted in so unsettled a matter, at last prevail. Webster, who succeeded Walker, left it out in every case. In *neighbor* he has delivered a good old Saxon subject from French tyranny, but he looked a long way off when he wrote *Savior*, a word which, from its sacred associations, will probably long continue a solitary exception.

Webster went so far in dropping the final k, that he introduces us to *bishopric* and *hassoc*, a spelling which in this country would be regarded, if not as faulty, at least as a startling singularity. On the ground of etymology alone he enriched our tongue with *bridegroom*, *fether*, *melasses*, and some other words which, though highly applauded by German critics, and in his own opinion very desirable changes, met with rude treatment from the English public. Amongst some two thousand words, which according to him may be



spelt differently, we find *cosey*, *hookey*, *jutty*, and *leggin*. None of these fashions have as yet been duly appreciated or cordially received, and some dozen years after the publication of his first dictionary, Webster ceased in his endeavours to sweep out, like Mrs. Partington, the Atlantic with a broom, and *insted* of the *pretense* of his *exquisit doctrin*, restored to us most of our old words, the fair humanities of present orthography, the intelligible forms of our modern poets.

The English atmosphere proving uncongenial to the strange exotics he ventured to acclimatize, Webster departed without being desired, and Worcester reigned in his stead. This gentleman, who, dreading the improprieties and absurdities which it is the duty of a lexicographer to correct or proscribe, has introduced us to such expressions as *unperiwigged*, *skrimpy*, *scrimption*, *kittlebusy*, *shopocracy*, *unleisuredness*, *weism*, *unwormwooded*, *wegotism*, *solivagous*, did little more besides than clip the orthographical wings of Webster when they soared a little too far off for the public eye. In the mean time, this enlightened public, consulting the various lexicographers in their very various emergencies, and meeting with very various information, concludes that nothing can be dearer to dictionary-writers than contradiction, and that the whole body is animated by the father of perversity and lies. Mr. Jones is justly indignant when he is informed, on no small authority, that Dr. Johnson has nearly fixed the external form of our language, and that his dictionary may be regarded as an authoritative standard for all time to come. Comparing this with the uphill and the downhill, the bastardize and dastardise, the agen, gelly and affraid, the worthy Jones concludes that he is going out of his mind, or that these and the like matters are some of those mysteries which heaven would not willingly have earth to know. "Why," ejaculates Jones, "should one dictionary spell program, another programme, but never a one of them epigramme or telegramme? Why should we write organise but civilize, chlorine but tannin, biped but centipede? Which is right, saddler or sadler, fattener or fatner? And to return to Johnson, why should he insist on spelling coddle with one d, and thus destroy the distinction between a fish and a boiling apple?" How is it that, if Johnson may be trusted, Bacon spelt *wezil*, Dryden *weazon*, Shakespeare *wezand*, Spenser *weasand*, and Dr. Johnson himself *wesard*, and how is Mr. Jones to spell it? Why is uniformity

sacrificed to custom in convey and inveigh, deceit and receipt? Which of the four is the right way to spell the legal term for calling on men to serve as a jury? And so Mr. Jones ends, like the devils, in trembling, though he cannot, like them, believe.

Seldom have there been wanting ingenious speculators in language, who endeavoured to crystallize that which must ever remain in solution, to make constant quantities which must always be variable. The dust of centuries has kindly concealed the efforts of Probus and Priscian, of Caper and Manutius. What learned arguments supported *sollicito* and *solicito*, *stylus* and *stilus*! How many tongues wagged and pens quivered ere we agreed — if indeed we have yet agreed — to write *adscisco*, not *ascisco*; *adolescens*, not *adulescens*; *Africa*, not *Aphrica*; *alitus*, not *altus*: for which last the Latin student, it may be, is seldom grateful to Diomedæ; *allium*, not *alleum*; *Apollo*, not *Appolo*, all for sound reasons which the reader will no doubt willingly excuse? In France, Joubert in 1570 was for writing *tems*, *uvres*, thus D'Alembert wrote *home*, on that principle — old like love, and yet ever new — of accommodating spelling to pronunciation, and which would, were it adopted in French, leave no distinction to the eye, as already there is none to the ear, between poise, peas, and pitch. The change attributed to Voltaire of *avait*, *était*, from *avoit*, *étoit*, has indeed prevailed. How energetic were the endeavours of Ménage, that stupendous etymologist, who penetrated into the derivation of *laquais*! It is, said he, derived from *verna* thus: *verna*, *vernacula*, *vernaculaio*, then cut the word in two, cast away *verna* as of no consequence, and you have *culaco*, *lucaio*, *laquais*! Can anything be more simple, more obvious, more convincing? In England how many spelling-reformers, how many architects of uncouth words, have done their best to deserve well of their country by ruining its language forever! Most or all aimed at uniformity, and, by the introduction of new signs, a virtually phonetic system. The result of their endeavours may be briefly shown by that indigenous monster a pronouncing dictionary, or a *prurnounshing dikshon-airi*, or a *pronounshing dikshunare*, which would transform our tongue, the tongue of Shakespeare, etc., around which cluster so many hallowed associations, etc., into the dialect of some tribe of North-American Indians. There are who, in their desire of shortness and facility, would have uproot-

ed Saxon, Greek, and Latin landmarks alike, while others less unreasonable were for retrenching only those letters which were of no etymological or other apparent service, for example, the *a* in *accroach*, which, as has been seen, *Cotgrave* spelt, with every argument on his side, *accroch*. But all who endeavour to accommodate orthography to pronunciation have indeed forgotten that this is, as *Dr. Johnson* says, to measure by a shadow, by a model which is changing even while it is applied. Such men would imitate that which varies in every place and at every time, would seek to fix the colour of the chameleon — town and country, city and court, would each exhibit a distinct spelling-book. Had such an attempt prevailed in the last century, *Rome* would have been now *Roön*, broil, joint and poison, *brile*, jint and *pison*; fault would have become *fort* or *fought*; all fashionable folk would have written obliged *obleeged*, great *greet*, key *kay*, and tea *tay*, with dozens of other differences.

Chief amongst these literary pioneers, melancholy scarecrows to reforming innovators, is the learned *Cheke*. This gentleman should have published a vocabulary for his re-translation of *Matthew*, which is quite unintelligible without such assistance. *Sir Thomas Smith*, secretary of state to *Elizabeth*, by such spellings as *kiks*, *kap*, *kis*, brought a grateful pupil to acknowledge — in *Latin* — that his master had introduced him into another and a better world, where all things were new and true alike. He adds that he must have passed all his antecedent existence in some Platonic cave, where shadows did duty for substance, and concludes his compliment by beseeching the said *Smith* to continue his instruction, and so extricate him from that *limbo patrum* or purgatory in which he is at present involved. *Bullokar*, who was considerate enough to have regard for the feelings of posterity, a rare virtue among his class, kindly introduced but few symbols among his fables which he published in *London* towards the close of the sixteenth century. Therefore, a specimen may be given in which some wandering stars of night, in the shape of accents, have been, it is trusted, discreetly omitted. *The hous cok found a precios ston, whylst he turned the dunghil : saying, what ! doo I find a thing so briht ?* But still the heart did need a language, and a certain *Dr. Jones* stepped forward. This excellent scholar proposed with *God's* help to sweeten our tongue by writing *dixnary* for dictionary, with other

like amendments which would from the beginning prevent all those ill habits of sounding amiss, which create such insufferable trouble to remedy them afterwards. To prevent this trouble, following the fashionable pronunciation of his time, he wrote *poticary*, *obstropulous*, *sparrow-grass*, *chaw*, *lorum*, and *cubberd*, thus annihilating the etymological diagnosis of the original words as completely as that of *sciatica*, *palsy*, *dropsy* and *proxy*. Though the *gh* in *plough* and *slaughter*, and the *h* in *white* and what, are as much neglected as the monuments of our fathers in a churchyard, still they are monuments, and should not be lightly destroyed. In these matters the head followed the tail sufficiently already without the leading of the learned *Jones*. He, after scattering a few other suggestions such as *hevvy*, *pleshure*, *côte*, *tüchy*, *sqware*, *blö*, *wel*, *dauter* and *coff*, retired from the stage, thinking these improvements enough for the present, and encouraged by a panegyric from a friend which represents him as the tamer of a wild orthography, and the suggester of a clew to follow her into her most confused labyrinths. So *Dr. Jones* died, with the proud consciousness of leaving this world when he was summoned out of it, as one who had not lived in vain; and *Bishop Wilkins*, though with but faint hopes of seeing his practice generally prevail, succeeding him, wrote the *Lord's* prayer thus: *Yür Fädher hüitsh art in hēven, halloëd be dhyi nām, dhyi cingdyn*, etc.

Such orthography would indeed have made our language "that precious deposit" which we wot of. Such surely was the English which *Charles V.* preferred for conversation with his horse. But none of these rackers of orthography, as *Holofernes* calls them, came at all near to *Mr. A. J. Ellis*. The words of this gentleman were assuredly like those of *Claudio* in "Much Ado about Nothing," a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. Noting very justly, as so many had equally justly noted before him, that the darkest ciphers and most abstruse hieroglyphics are not better calculated to conceal the sentiments of those using them than our customary orthography to conceal true pronunciation, remembering the words of *Murray*, that the orthography of the English language is attended with much uncertainty and perplexity, but forgetful of the fate of those, his predecessors, and how impatient the ungrateful British public is of any change for the better, and that its ears are, to adopt the language of *Demosthenes*, orthographically

diseased past cure, this gentleman rendered his name remarkable by the production of what he was pleased to describe as the *Phonetic Nuz*. His alphabet contained some twoscore characters, each with one and only one sound. It was modelled on that of Lipsius, containing two hundred and eighty-six characters. Each sound was supposed in Ellis's system, which, it is said, had been before offered to Webster by Dr. Franklin, to have its equivalent sign, each sign its equivalent and single sound. By this phonetic alphabet—relatively phonetic, for speaking generally all alphabets are phonetic which are not ideographic or pictorial—the writing of such diverse conceptions as “I saw the man whet the knife,” and “I saw the man who ate the knife,” would be identical; so of such single words, as reign, rein, rain. To Ellis, ewe, whose vulgar pronunciation generally prevails, and aye, the respective sounds of which words are not produced by any of their letters separately or in combination, must have been a terrible eyesore. Nor could he have been well content with the economical use of a in father, fall, fatal. Whether he had his revenge in writing *yowitch* for usage, in which no single letter of the original word remains, or whether this be a tale of a man delighting in his own conceits more than in the truth, it is certain that, esteeming the spelling of his day an absurd conventionality, he produced an orthography of his own as little connected with it as a treatise on the digamma with the sources of the Nile. What would a French Ellis have made out of his mayor, his mother, and his sea? his green, his glass, and his worms?—what of such a sentence as this: “*Cinq cent sincères et simples capucins ceints de leurs saints cousins scindaient dans leurs seins, leurs seings et leurs cymbales qui donnaient une symphonie synchronique?*” or of that cacophony of the French officer, who, wishing a rope placed across the street to keep back the crowd eager to bask in the sunshine of the royal eyes, cried repeatedly, “*Qu'attend-on donc tant? que ne la tend-on donc tôt?*” What, if Ellis's system were adopted, would become of the nobility (orthographic) of the celebrated families of the Smijth and the Ffrench? Written in the heterotypic character, what would remain but the ignoble Smith and French?

Owing to certain hideous and mystic symbols with which this system was interlarded, a specimen of it cannot be here reproduced; the types of that new tongue

which was pleasantly called by its promoters a rational object of the greatest importance to all members of the community, have long ago been melted down into serviceable capitals and italics, pica and nonpareil. The conflagration of ignorance was not extinguished by the waters of phoneticism. That boon from heaven, that inestimable blessing was not made common, but reserved only for a chosen few, who, it may be, still practise it in congenial privacy. No unseen path ever opened among the hills, and Mr. Isaac Pitman, the coadjutor of Ellis, laid down his own life on the altar of phonetic truth in vain. Alas! whether it was that the country was not yet prepared to receive so exquisite a present, or that the subscriptions lagged a little, it was announced in the infancy of a journal devoted to its interests, that, in obedience to the strict injunctions of his physician, the editor regretted to inform his readers that he was obliged to intermit the publication of his journal till perhaps the close of the year. There is no list of subscriptions in this number, and the journal never appeared again. Somewhere in the limbo of the moon may be found that forthcoming number among good intentions unsuccessful on this earth. Lecturers in its interest despised, it is to be hoped, gold and silver, for many received nothing but a Prayer-Book, roan gilt, in phonetic spelling, and the reward of their own conscience. *Peas, as Punch* said somewhat cruelly, *peas 2 iz hashes!*

Such was the end of the modest proposal to the English nation to deface its orthographical escutcheon, to place the wise at the feet of the ignorant, and to make all its old learning comparatively useless. Its authors forgot, as their predecessors had forgotten, that words had become conventional signs, Chinese characters, less musical utterances than algebraical symbols, and that no educated person goes through the form of spelling when he reads. Such “silly affectation and unpardonable presumption,” as it has been, perhaps, not too harshly called, was not that reform which Mr. Max Müller hopes for in our “unhistorical, unsystematic, unintelligible, unteachable, but by no means unamendable spelling.”

Although we have *dore* for door in a line of Gower, quoted by Ben Jonson in his grammar, the changes which have taken place in spelling have happily seldom been made on any phonetic system. Prove and move are still written thus, though retaining the sound of the French

words from which they came. They have mostly arisen from considerations of etymology, from caprice, from desire of distinction, from affectation or from that lazy love of uniformity, to which we owe our modernized ancient authors. Though Bacon and Shakespeare, not to mention Gower and Chaucer, would be caviare to the general in their proper clothing, it is difficult to say that this change of ancient orthography does more good than harm.

The printers, as has been seen, have also contributed their share to orthographical alterations, and the desire of familiarizing the unknown has not been without effect. No lapse of years can conquer the tendency to phonetic endeavour. A simplification of the system of Ellis translated a passage of Shakespeare thus:—

‡ Hwot ! ‡ iz de dije mor precezs dan de lark  
bikwz hiz federz ar mor biutiful ;  
or ‡ iz de ader beter dan de il,  
bikwz hiz pented skin kontentz de ei.

What would become of our glorious and inestimable privilege of speaking that tongue which Shakespeare or Shakspeare or Shakespeare, or, etc. spoke, if this sort of thing were to be allowed?

The least objectionable plan was that of Mr. Bell, who, to show sound without destroying orthography, and teach the former while the eye was still accustomed to the latter, wrote *debt*, *plough*, etc. How he could have expressed *cough* is not clear. So this best-laid scheme, like the rest, went agley, and Mr. Bell has remained, like Diogenes in Raphael's picture of philosophy, alone.

In our own time, Dr. Brewer, who has rendered himself so justly dear to the rising generation by his collection of such inquiries as "Why do we poke the fire?" and "What blackens the saucepans?" is perhaps the heresiarch of schismatic orthographers. In sober seriousness he suggests the following reforms—*thiefs*, *calfs*, *loafs*, *wifes*, *negros*, *danse*, *flowerist*, *entranse*, *innocense*, *excede*, *changable*, with very many more than a whole page of this magazine could contain in pearl types. It is but justice to say that he has supported all these eccentricities with which he would enrich the queen's English and earn the heartfelt gratitude of every school-girl with very able arguments. He expects to be condemned heartily, *odium orthographicum* being only second, as might be expected, to *odium theologicum*, but follows the example of Demosthenes or Themistocles, or whoever it was that

faced the many-headed beast with the words, "Strike but hear!"

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary proceedings after that of Ritson, who wrote *flys*, *i*, *il*, *wel*, and *horsées*, was that of Pinkerton, who may be surnamed the consonant-hater. He, thinking English was defective in music, owing to the infrequency of vowel endings, on comparing it with the Greek, set about briskly to some reformation. All plurals s's he turned at once into a's, an Icelandic plural, and thus consonant to the genius of our tongue, so dogs became *doga*. Next the radical s, an innocent letter which he seems to have regarded with inveterate hatred, was where possible converted into z, as *azz*; thus he substituted the melodious buzz of the bee for the harsh hissing of the serpent. O, a fine and rare close, was introduced to impart sublimity to the period, thus *cato* for cat. He, quoth Pinkerton, who would hesitate to write *tric* or *coc* need never attend a concert or look at a picture. The general effect of this permutation its proposer himself allowed might be at first astonishing, but maintained that in half a century it would become not only familiar but elegant. "Luckilizzime," observed a witty fellow who had liberally caricatured the system, "this propozalio of the abzur-dizzimo Pinkertonio was noto adoptado by anybodyino whateverano!" Then the ingenious author angrily observed that all things in nature might be ridiculed by the feeble faculties of sciolists employed on unusual objects, and quoted Montesquieu, who is ungallant enough to say that women are the supreme judges of the absurd, owing to the general imbecility of their understandings. He might have earned the praise of posterity, had he not in all innocence printed the "Vision of Mirza" in his own tongue. It survives him bound up in his book, a sempiternal scarecrow!

It will probably by this time be apparent to the ingenuous reader that "not to know how to spell" is not so great a disgrace as it is usually supposed to be. Let him try any of his most learned friends with Massachusetts, Mississippi, or Pennsylvania—with the sounds expressed by those excellent masquerades, yacht and phthisis—with liquefy and rarify—and he will find with sorrow and with satisfaction that humanity is imperfect. Monographic riddles are inherent in the nature of our language, and men do not conceive of its difficulties as they ought. They enter the portals of spelling, that labyrinth of infinite complexities, with insufficient reverence. As Archbishop Laud is reported to

have gracefully observed in the Star Chamber, alluding to the careless behaviour of Christians in church, "They enter it as a tinker and his bitch the alehouse." Cacography is like the seven deadly sins; men commit both every day without being aware of it. Universal disfranchisement would be the result of making good spelling the qualification of a voter. Orthography is the least satisfactory point of English grammar, with the exception perhaps of orthoepey. In no part of it are there more anomalies. This indeed might be expected in an irregular and fortuitous agglutination of two irregularities, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman French. Our language is a Joseph's coat of many colours, a wall in which many different stones are bound together. Our alphabet is notoriously redundant in k and x, and defective in sounds of sh, ng, etc. The number of different combinations of letters producing one sound is only to be compared with that of the different sounds arising from the same combination of letters. The indefatigable Ellis is said to have discovered six thousand different ways of spelling scissors, *e.g.*, *schizzers*, *scissaughs*, *cizers*, and so forth. For this wide field of possibility of error, this appendix to the curse of Babel, candidates for the civil and military service, those youthful and unskilled labourers in the vineyard of English philology, are no doubt devoutly thankful. And what shall be said of the unfortunate foreigner who dares attempt our tongue, and finds on the threshold that we speak what we do not write, and waite what we do not speak? How will he conquer those ugly-headed monsters, though, tough, etc., which conceal like devilish and complex masks the innocent and simple *tho* and *tuff*, etc.? We have heard of a Spaniard who received, for his first lesson in English spelling and pronunciation, the mnemonic lines—

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough  
me through,  
O'er life's dark lough I still my way pursue.

He, feeling his native pride wounded, and his natural love of congruity outraged by such an assemblage of contradictions, quitted his master in disgust, and pursued his way no farther into the penitential of our language. The trusting confidence of our children is well shown by their not accusing us of the basest fraud when we introduce them to these and the like peculiarities of our speech.

Many celebrated persons, without entering into an orthographical crusade and

revolutionizing the English spelling,—like James Elphinstone, a man of considerable learning, who commenced a treatise on that subject thus: "*To those who poses the large work, a succinct view of English orthography may be as pleasing, as to others indispensable*,"—have nevertheless in a quiet way entered their protest against the fashion of their time. Milton wrote *sovrán*, for instance, *therefor*, *highth*, in which last he was followed by Landor, who also wrote *Aristotles* on analogy of Empedocles, which is rarely except in a young ladies' finishing school, pronounced Empedocle, though he hesitated to write *Brute* or *Lucrece* on the analogy of Terence, nor on the analogy of Pliny did he venture to speak of Marius by that name for which Byron confesses his preferential passion. Tennyson has adopted *plow*. The timid Cowper was bold enough to write *Grecian* in his translation of Homer, after the fashion of Greece. Lardner wrote *clandestin*, *famin* (in words of this kind the final e seems not only useless but injurious), *persue*, *sais*, *præface*. A sample of Mitford's peculiarities is *iland*, *endeavor*. He considered the s in the former word, what indeed it is, a graft of ignorance. Hare, lately followed by Furnival, held it so much of a baseness to spell fashionably, that he roundly abused such pot-bellied words as spelled for *spelt* in the preterites of weak verbs, and gave us *preacht*, etc., with such genitive plurals as *geniuses*, and threw into the bargain *invey* and *atchieve*. He also maintained that mute e should be expunged when not softening a preceding consonant, or lengthening a preceding vowel. Byron, finding it impossible to determine but from the context whether "read" be past or present, wrote *redde*, though he might have written *red* like led, there being little fear of its being confounded with the colour. Thirlwall inveighed against our established system, if the result of custom and accident may be called system, as a mass of anomalies, the growth of ignorance and chance, equally repugnant to good taste and common sense. But notwithstanding the good bishop's tirades, the British public never will be slaves, even to an Academy. They cling to their old spelling with an impulsion proportioned to its inconvenience, and are as jealous of any encroachment on their prescriptive domain as of a trespass on their right in the public parks. We know what would become of English loyalty if her most gracious Majesty were to take it into her royal head to close St.



James's. Tyrwhitt, aware of this, contented himself with but few varieties, such as *rime*, a spelling which derivation, analogy, and ancient use alike support, and *coud*, which being obviously derived from *can* adds in its present state to the unnecessary anomalies in our language. The obtaining orthography arose out of uniformity probably with would from will and should from shall, and even in these words the *l* has unfortunately long ceased to be pronounced. With regard to *rime*, it were perhaps better written *ryme* to distinguish it from hoarfrost. The Elizabethan impurity of the *h* has been traced to Daniel. It is never found in Milton or Shakespeare. It arose most likely from the notion that the word was connected with rhythm. The learned Trench in his "English Past and Present," 1868, curiously enough discards *y* in *ryme* as a modern misspelling.

The unsettled nature of our language has made its variations much more remarkable than those in other countries. Petrarch is still understood fairly by the modern Italian, but the modern Englishman can bring up little from the well of English undefiled without a glossarial bucket. Lest he should fall into the same evil plight with Spenser, Swift was sanguine enough to propose a scheme to the Earl of Oxford for curbing any further variations in orthography; but that, as we have seen, was a work beyond the king and his ministers. The son of the Prince of Wales may not now "chaste" his schoolmaster as Robert the Devil effectually "chasted" his with a long dagger, when the unlucky pedant suggested that the spelling of Robert was exceptional; and in that case we have no ground to suppose that the "Devil's" spelling ultimately prevailed. Cæsar was a greater than he, and yet could not introduce a word; Claudian also, and yet could not introduce a letter. Kings and scholars must alike succumb to the tyranny of custom, and of that tyrant women chiefly are the executive and the body-guard. Their love of variety has probably produced as many new spellings as their love of eloquence has begotten new words. What are the dry rules of etymology to them when the usual spelling offends the delicacy of their ear? We have heard of a lady at a spelling-bee — at present a silly, and so very popular entertainment — a pretty young lady, who spelt myrrh thus, *murr*. What could be more simple, more novel, more ingenious? At least three-fourths of the male portion of the audience went away

with the secret conviction that, although the dry little old gentleman who presided as referee, and a big dictionary to boot, were adverse to the candidate, the pretty young lady had a great deal which might be said on her side, and that if the word was not by some prejudiced people spelt as she had elected to spell it, it ought decidedly in future to be spelt so. The graceful appearance of our written language is indeed mainly owing to our women. These are at the head of what Chesterfield called the polite as opposed to the pedantic orthography. In the former they rule supreme. Learning here is rather disadvantageous than otherwise; it curbs the freedom of their imagination. "*Sit non doctissima conjux*," says Martial — who might have rested well content in our island home. Who but a woman first dared to spell cap-à-pie *apple-pie*, or farsed-meat *forced-meat*? Would any man have enriched her favourite ornament with four changes of costume, as *riband*, *ribon*, *ribbon*, *ribband*? Who but one of these eminent rebels first wrote *exiccate*, or introduced that arbitrary but interesting diversity between *laggard* and *braggart*? To whom are we indebted for the perihelion of those capricious stars, *kicksey-wicksey*, *welsh-rabbit*, *cuddle*, *poppet*, *higgledy-piggle*, and *tootsiums*, or the aphelion of *foupe*, *conjobble*, *warhable*, *smegmatick*, *screeble*, *ablaqueation*, *moble*, *hamble*, *drumble*, *nubble*, which it may well be Johnson was barbarous enough to forge himself, in jealous rivalry, in order to spite the sex; but his efforts were, as they deserved to be, quite unavailing? No one, however, of mortals is happy on all sides. Our fair reformers have sometimes suffered inconvenience from their auricular orthography. Instances have been quoted of a lady writing to a gentleman to inquire after his health in such bold eccentricity of spelling as excited suspicion of an assignation in the breast of that gentleman's wife; of another who exercised her right and privileges so capriciously in the composition of a domestic receipt that a whole family were nearly poisoned by partaking of the ingredients of what was entitled a new *soup*, but which in ordinary orthography would have been a new *soap*.

*Soyez de votre siècle*, is a motto which women seldom forget in fashion; it is one which neither men nor women should ever forget in spelling. We must not be the first, as Pope says in his "Essay on Criticism," to try the new words nor yet the last to lay aside the old. But after all it

will not be among the least of the blessings of heaven, that spelling probably will not there be necessary.

From The Sunday Magazine.  
FOR PITY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was not more than natural that Jane Francis, being what she was, should be quick to recognize with something of satisfaction the possibility of a friend. The desire of her life for years past had been for a friend who should be older and wiser and more cultured than herself, above her in every way. If he, or she, were also good, not only in a moral, but in a spiritual sense, so much the better.

It was not wonderful, then, that a man coming so near to her standard as the rector did should be a welcome visitor in the room over the druggist's shop; and the more frequent his visits became, the more keenly Jane learnt to appreciate them. Life was no more so lonely and *triste* as it had been. The days when he came had a warmth and colour of their own. It seemed to her that her mind and brain had lain partially dormant before. Even her troubles grew lighter. She thought they might grow lighter still if she could tell them to him; but she could not do that, at any rate, not yet awhile. Meantime his coming and going were the grand events of her lonely unwitnessed life.

And this being so, how should he not discover it? As I have said before, he was a man of quick perception; and his perceptions in all things concerning Jane Francis were rapidly and strangely intensified. He noted things that he hardly dared to understand — things that moved him at one time to thrills of ineffable pleasure, at another to pangs of strife and pain and self-reproach. Not the slightest change in her escaped him. Her more frequent smile, her softer and less abrupt mode of speech, the look of appealing confidence that he saw occasionally in her eyes — all these things added to the struggle that was going on within him.

On one point only he failed to influence her as he could have wished; she would not consent to undertake any definite work amongst the poor. "Not at present," she said gravely. She did not give

her reason; but her eyes drooped as she spoke, and as she turned away her face there was an expression of pain on it. The rector was silenced and saddened for the moment. Surely there could have been no mystery in her life? He put away the thought as an insult to her; and made reparation by remembering things that had come to his knowledge unsuspected by her. If she would not undertake definite work, he knew for certain that she was working indefinitely, and working in the bravest way. Her medical and sanitary knowledge, which was considerable, had done good service among the sickly inhabitants of Quant's Yard; he had heard her advice and opinions quoted not seldom of late, and that she had watched all night by the sick and the dying he had learnt with something of surprise. Jane never alluded in any way to these facts, but the rector pondered over them not a little. Doubtless certain changes in her were owing to his influence. Was it unnatural under the circumstances that he should, consciously or unconsciously, take credit for them all? or if he took it in a way that was something more than flattering?

But his visits were not all on Jane's account. He spent quite as much time in Nathan Dale's workroom as he spent in the room over the shop. And Nathan had learnt to look forward to his coming with a pleasure not altogether unlike that of his niece. It was not now only a sympathetic and cultivated listener who came; the rector ventured to talk as well as to listen, and none but himself knew with what unlooked-for response.

The spring was verging into summer now, the rector was at home in his parish, and had overcome the chief difficulties connected with its working. He still worked hard himself — hard and conscientiously. His old love of humanity had received a little special emphasis, but this did not interfere with its general scope.

A coincidence happened to him on one of these summer days, one of those curious little accords between the outer and the inner life that occur so often. He was coming up from Turner's Garth, leaving fever and wretchedness and wickedness behind him, and hastening out to the sunshine and freer air of Whingate. He had just heard, somewhat to his distress, that Jane Francis had been in Turner's Garth all night. It was not right, not safe, not prudent. Did her uncle know? he wondered. Should he call? What a curious thing it was that he

had never yet met her either in the street, or in any house save her own home!

A minute later, and Jane Francis was passing the short-sighted rector with a slight bow. It was not too late. He stopped, told her what he had heard, and besought her to be careful. He turned to accompany her a little way, but he could not say all he wanted to say in the street. He would call on the morrow. Jane glanced up with visible gratification, which the rector perceived with a warm thrill, and an unusually bright smile; neither for a moment dreaming that this mute responsiveness was being noticed and instantly comprehended by Mrs. Rushbrooke. Jane had seen the little woman approaching with her two overpowering daughters; the rector did not, as usual, see them until they were quite close. He stopped, exclaimed with surprise, and Jane was gliding away with another bow, when she perceived that the rector was introducing somebody in his pleasant manner. It was her own name that she heard, and one Miss Rushbrooke was bowing to her distantly, and one was glancing sideways, and Mrs. Rushbrooke was frowning disapprovingly. They had seen the quaint little figure at church, and Mrs. Rushbrooke had learnt something from Hallett, her maid, of Miss Francis, and the rector's visits to the druggist's shop; but she had never dreamt that this little creature with the shabby jacket, and staring eyes, and great white forehead, was Miss Francis. The Miss Rushbrookes stood silent as usual, Mrs. Rushbrooke talked to her brother, Jane stood for one uncomfortable surprised minute by Mr. Harcourt's side, and then, with a dignified "good morning," that met with barely perceptible response, except from him, she turned away. I believe that the strongest feeling of all in her heart was astonishment. She had seen these people, the rector's sister and nieces, before; and liking him so much, she had, naturally enough, invested them with likable qualities. The disappointment haunted her all day; and it seemed to her that she was more sorry for their sakes than for her own.

And Mr. Harcourt was sorry too, but sorry only for Jane. With his sister and nieces he was indignant; and it was not in him to keep such indignation quite to himself. Yet it was difficult for him to express exactly what he felt, indeed it was difficult for him to introduce the subject at all. He had never mentioned Jane's name to any one. Once or twice when

his heart and brain had seemed suffused, as it were, with her presence, when her eloquent eyes and face had troubled him, and her voice had lingered sympathetically on his ear, more than once at such times he had yearned almost painfully to speak of her to some one; but there had been no one near him to whom he could so speak, even indifferently, without a sense of betraying both himself and Jane. He had never tried to account for this reticence, nor for the reverent, tender dislike he had to hearing even her name spoken by the ruder lips of others; but it seemed to him that this dislike was stronger than ever when Mrs. Rushbrooke asked abruptly, and not without effort —

"Where on earth did you pick up that odd-looking little creature you were talking to to-day, Wilmot?"

"I suppose you mean Miss Francis?" he replied quietly.

"Yes, I think you said that was her name. Whatever made you dream of introducing her?"

"I rather wanted you to know her. It did not occur to me that she would have anything to fear, either from your rudeness or that of your daughters," said the rector, speaking a great deal more sententiously than was his wont. Then he paused awhile, and added with emphasis, "And I may as well explain to you, that in future I shall consider any discourtesy shown to her as intended equally for myself."

Mrs. Rushbrooke moved in her chair uneasily. This was even worse than she had feared. But she was not wanting.

"Rudeness!" she exclaimed, with a kind of odd animated asperity. "I don't know what you mean by rudeness in this instance. You didn't expect *me* to make a familiar friend of her on the spot, I *hope*. But it strikes me it would take a good deal of what you call rudeness, or something like it, to keep so much self-assurance as that in its place."

"Miss Francis is self-assured," the rector replied. "It is a trait of her character that I admire immensely."

"Oh, indeed! I should say you stand alone in your admiration."

"Perhaps. I am not afraid of standing alone — in that or in anything else."

"You don't really mean to say that you admire self-assurance in a woman?" asked Elinor languidly from the sofa.

"Yes, I do. A character wanting that usually wants some other very important elements. I don't mean to say that I admire an exaggerated form of it, nor when

it leads to display, nor to flippancy, nor to any other undesirable thing. But I must own I think it a most pitiable thing to see women, or men either, wanting self-confidence enough to carry them painlessly through the most ordinary duties of life."

Jane Francis was gradually lost sight of in the conversation, much to the rector's satisfaction. Yet he was a little unhappy that night and restless. This difficulty was not as other difficulties, something to be met with a little laughter and a good deal of resolution. It involved others, and others who did not look at things from the same point of view as he did. He had been a long time making up his mind — it was not yet made up — but he knew that when once he had decided, no human consideration would turn him from his decision. And this latter fact his sister knew likewise, and the knowledge did not tend to her peace of mind.

#### CHAPTER V.

ON the afternoon of the following day Jane was in her own room, a room mean and shabby like the rest of the house, carpetless and curtainless. And it was not even tidy — tidiness was all but impossible, seeing that it was crowded with books from the one end to the other, and that there were no book-shelves. Books were piled on the floor on either side of the bed, books were piled on the chairs and on the drawers, the drawers were for the most part filled with books, and a large old-fashioned dining-table that stood by the window, where the dressing-table should have been, was filled with books, pamphlets, and magazines of all descriptions. There was no method in Jane's mania for books. The literature of every age was represented in some form or other. And all manner of subjects, all shades of opinion claimed her attention by turn. Presently there was a knock at the door. "The rector," she said to herself, with a smile of pleasure, laying down her book and hastening to admit him.

As I have said, Jane had no colour in her face, but her lips were tinged quite brilliantly. I hardly know what made them white on the sudden as she opened the door, whether it was disappointment, or annoyance, or a foolish indefinable fear. It was not the rector, who stood on the rickety wooden gallery, but three fine ladies, in sweeping silks and soft lace, and with brilliant colours mingling, and blending, and making each figure seem part of the other. Mrs. Rushbrooke had caught

the trick of the rector's smile. She was saying quite pleasantly —

"How do you do, Miss Francis? We were in the neighbourhood, so we thought we would call — not inopportunistly, I hope."

And the Miss Rushbrookes were behind, making attempts to smile, though apparently as much to each other as to Jane. There was no alternative. Jane could only bow and ask them to come in, her cheeks burning as she led the way, her breath coming quickly, her hands rigidly clasped. Yet nothing of her ordinary, or rather extraordinary, dignity was wanting. Her nature was one of those in whom an *accès* of nervousness, more surely than anything else, produces the cool, calm, deliberate movements of self-confidence. This it was that made her such a puzzle to some people. She was well enough aware that her temperament was one needing self-control at times, and when the times came she exaggerated the necessity, becoming, apparently, a very model of self-assurance and collectedness.

But to-day Mrs. Rushbrooke's fluent tongue was a great aid to her.

"And how is your uncle?" she began as soon as she was fairly seated, and had made a mental inventory of the shabby furniture. "He is a dear old man — quite a character. I have come to the shop for things ever so many times for the sake of having a chat with him. So quaint, isn't he? Quite a typical Yorkshireman! Have you lived with him long?"

"Yes; since before I can remember."

Jane spoke with unusual hauteur. She was not aware that she did so; but Mrs. Rushbrooke's familiarity of voice and manner were distressing beyond measure to her.

"Really!" continued the little woman in the same tones. "It must have been an odd kind of life for you. Weren't your parents living, and didn't you go to school?"

Jane answered both questions in the negative. Mrs. Rushbrooke almost shrieked her surprise.

"Never went to school? Then how on earth were you educated?"

"I have never had any education," replied Jane in her quietest tones, and looking with grave eyes at Mrs. Rushbrooke.

"You have — never — had any?"

"No."

The Miss Rushbrookes blushed a little for Jane, who apparently had not sufficient sensitiveness to blush for herself.

"Can't you read?" asked Cecilia with languid amazement.

"Yes, I can read," replied Jane, without even the shadow of a smile.

"And write?" asked Elinor.

"Only very badly."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Rushbrooke. "I blame your uncle very much indeed; and —"

"Pardon me," interrupted Jane, with emphatic lips and eyes that sparkled a little. "Pardon me, no blame attaches to my uncle. I was penniless, and he was poor. He has taught me what he knew himself — or, at any rate, as much of it perhaps as I am capable of taking in."

"Oh, well; I didn't know," said Mrs. Rushbrooke apologetically; adding in the same breath, "Your name isn't the same as your uncle's. I suppose your mother was his sister?"

"Yes; his only sister."

"And what was your father?"

"A surgeon."

"Oh, indeed! In Sedgeborough?"

"No; in York," replied Jane, making extra efforts to keep quite calm.

"Really!" Then Mrs. Rushbrooke paused awhile.

"It's quite a pity about your education," she resumed, presently. "But you are only young. Couldn't you set to work now and learn something?"

"I dare say I might."

"Certainly you might, and we can lend you some books. I fancy I have still some of my daughters' lesson-books. I'll have a turn-out some wet day, and see what we can find. And do let me persuade you to begin trying to improve yourself a little," begged Mrs. Rushbrooke, with affectionate patronage. She could afford to be affectionate now. What a fool she had been! She might go away quite happy at once. Her brother, the Rev. Wilmot Harcourt, rector of Sedgeborough, marry a girl who would probably have to make a mark instead of signing her name in the register! She would never again be so ready to distress herself about impossibilities. All this was running in her mind as she begged Jane to begin to improve herself.

"It seems to me there are so many reasons why you should," she went on. "For instance, your uncle is an old man, and you say he is poor: what would become of you if he were to die do you think?"

Again the sudden white came to Jane's lips, but Mrs. Rushbrooke did not perceive it.

"My uncle intends that I shall go abroad,

I believe. We have friends both in France and Switzerland."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Rushbrooke, yet more relieved. "Still that is no reason why you shouldn't take my advice. Quite the contrary. Why, you ought to know something of French if you are intending to go on the Continent."

Jane did not reply. It had struck her some time before that perhaps she was carrying matters a little too far. Remembering a certain pile of French classics that stood on the floor of her bedroom, Jane said nothing of her willingness to learn the language in which they were written.

"And now we must be going, my dears," Mrs. Rushbrooke said, turning to her daughters. "We decided to go to the manor, you know. The carriage was ordered for three."

Of course the Miss Rushbrookes knew, but Jane did not; and it might be that the information had an effect upon her different from any intended by Mrs. Rushbrooke. It was not a visible effect. Jane did not start, nor blush, nor give any outward sign of the sudden perturbation that was disquieting her heart. For after all, though no mention has been made of the fact, Jane Francis had a heart.

"We shall come and see you again," Mrs. Rushbrooke said, actually shaking hands with Jane. "And I dare say Mr. Harcourt will be coming to see your uncle again soon. He went up to town this morning, quite unexpectedly, to see a friend who is very ill. He will return tomorrow, I dare say. Good-bye. I won't forget the books."

There were great powers both of love and of friendship in the frail, half-weary looking little woman who was left standing in the cheerless, lonely room. She had been inclined to quarrel with its loneliness occasionally — not often; but she thought she could never be so inclined again. Would it be like this after? — if that after ever came. Would the human world of what was called society be as disappointing on a fuller view as it was in such glimpses as these? Perhaps it would; but she would be independent of it then, or, at any rate, not dependent for any necessary satisfaction or happiness. Jane's life was a life that was rapidly losing all consciousness of a present tense.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE postman's knock was so rare a thing on the wooden gallery, that Jane Francis might be excused for a little flut-



tering of heart when she heard it. But she behaved strangely with the letter. It was addressed to her—addressed in a masculine and most illegible handwriting, yet clearly the handwriting of a man of culture. She turned it over in her hands, smiled with whitening lips, smiled again with cheeks and lips of burning crimson; then laid it unopened on the table, and went on with her knitting, her fingers flying as though she did but pretend to knit.

Half an hour later she took the letter in her hand again. This time she opened it, and began to read. It would have been barely decipherable to any one unaccustomed to the handwriting; but Jane was not unaccustomed. As she read her cheeks paled to even more than their wonted paleness; and when she had finished reading she went to her own room, and threw herself on the floor, sobbing, stifling her sobs, crying silently, passionately, I had almost said hopelessly, but she was by no means without hope.

It was two hours after this when the rector called. He was less radiant than usual, and as he sat down opposite to Jane, no radiance whatever was visible in him. He stopped speaking somewhat suddenly, then he raised his eyeglass, which was an unusual thing for him to do when he was not reading, but he took it off again almost immediately, and sat for a moment with silent lips and thoughtful face, looking out of the window.

"Miss Francis, what has happened?" he asked, at last, with an emotion that surprised Jane a little. She raised her swollen eyelids, looked at him with heavy eyes, and said,—

"Nothing has happened—that is, nothing that I can tell any one."

This was not encouraging. There was another pause; not a painless one for Mr. Harcourt. Jane's face seemed to grow thinner even while he watched her; and her languid manner, her leaden eyes, her folded, listless hands, seemed to him to betray untold depths of sorrow in one so little given to such betrayals. It was not the first time that he had suspected trouble somewhere in the background of her life, but it could hardly be said to be in the background now. The yearning to know something about it was growing in him painfully. If he might only know the nature of it, he would ask nothing more, not yet at any rate.

"I don't want you to tell me anything that you would rather not tell," he said, speaking again with effort; "but I have hoped for some time that you looked upon

me as a friend, and 'friend' is a word that I never use lightly, not even in my own thought. It means a great deal to me. Will you tell me what it means to you?"

"That I could never do," said Jane emphatically, her eyes brightening as she spoke, her whole frame seeming to recover tension. "I think sometimes it means too much to be used in this world at all."

The rector smiled. "I hardly think friendship will be the necessary thing in another world that it often is in this," he said quietly. "But as you say, this scarcely seems the place for its full development. One man needs a friend, and cannot find one though he spend his life in the search. Another needing friendship more urgently, refuses it though it stands knocking at his door."

Jane considered a moment.

"You are misunderstanding me," she said, with more ease and deliberation than Mr. Harcourt cared to see. "I do not refuse friendship; but it has come in my way so seldom that I hardly know how to accept it. I have never yet dared to think of you unreservedly as my friend, but I have been hoping for the time when I should dare." Then Jane smiled and added, "If it is to be no more a question of 'hoping,' I can only say that my gratitude ought to be greater now than it probably would have been at a future time."

"I don't understand you," Mr. Harcourt said; "but I don't want you either to feel or to express gratitude."

Then he stopped. His last sentence had been said slowly, emphatically, and in a manner as if it were but the prelude to some sentence more emphatic still. But he had not been quite prepared to say the thing that was trembling on his lips. It hung there unsaid while his thoughts took rapid, puzzled, painful flight. What of the world? Much at this moment. What of his sister? Yet more; awe of her, and love for her made the commonplace little woman's opposition loom like a difficulty of insuperable magnitude. Yet, after all, was it insuperable? Was he not his own master? And again, was it possible now that he should think only of himself? Had he not gone too far to be able to say honourably, "I will go no further?" He was compelled, as it were, to these calculations. It seemed to him not himself who made them, but some being hateful and antagonistic to himself. His own desire was for a breathless, impulsive outpouring of his deep affection—an outpouring that would be only too easy if

once begun. But the beginning was not easy. His other self held him back, striving for a mastery which it might or might not attain.

The silence was puzzling to Jane. By some strange intuitive power she had become aware that it was not an ordinary silence — that it was pregnant with meaning not to be understood, if possible to be misunderstood. She felt a certain sudden fear, a tremulous tension of every faculty she possessed. When Mr. Harcourt spoke again his voice vibrated through her, leaving her hardly strength enough to reply.

"It is not gratitude I want you to feel," he began, in tones low with suppressed emotion.

"But it is gratitude I *do* feel," Jane interrupted, in a cold, rigid manner not at all suited to the words.

Mr. Harcourt bent down a little nearer to her. The movement was rapid and peculiar, and gave the impression of complete, absolute, but impulsive self-surrender.

"Can you feel nothing more for me than that — nothing deeper?" he said, his lips quivering painfully while he spoke, his voice broken and subdued, his whole being instinct with hope and yearning.

I think it was pain that lent power and perception to Jane at that critical moment. It seemed to her that it was Mr. Harcourt's manner more than his words that betrayed his actual meaning. The words were capable of misconstruction — they could be made especially capable of it by a little self-sacrifice. Not a little though. It could only be at great cost that she could betray herself just now; but she would not count the cost.

She drew herself up in her chair a little, leaning carelessly back, with an amused, interested smile, looking at the rector, half critically, half wonderingly.

"How very good you are!" she said slowly, looking steadily into his eyes. "Do you know, I think you will raise my faith in all humanity. I have hardly believed that purely disinterested kindness was possible in this world."

"But I am not disinterested," interrupted the rector, with heightened colour and surprised look.

"No; and your interest is about the most incomprehensible thing of all — there is so little to account for it. You asked me just now if I felt nothing more than gratitude. Certainly I do, a great deal more. What is it that one feels towards people that is not affection, and yet

is so like it? It is something so much better than affection. It gives all the pleasure and none of the pain. I think that actual love — the one great love that is possible in most people's lives, is made up of at least one half of pain. I suppose that heightens the other half, and gives the uncertainty, and inquietude, and all the other undesirable things that go to make up the sum total of intensity. Can you understand me? But that is not a fair question. If you don't now, you most likely will at some future time. I hope it won't be such a miserable time for you as it is for me." Then Jane paused, and a look of pain came to her face. "I am so unhappy," she said presently, passing her hand over her forehead, and speaking in simple, almost childish tones.

"I feared you were," Mr. Harcourt replied. He had nothing more to say. What was behind could henceforward be said only to himself.

"I ought to tell you all about it," Jane went on, not unmindful of a certain pale, quiet grandeur that was coming over the face before her. "It would be a relief to me to tell you, but I cannot yet. It is something, though, to know that I may tell you when I can. You don't know what it is to live your life with no one near you caring to know anything about it. It is like being always hungry, and seeing food that you cannot reach. After a time the grapes seem sour, and at last one doesn't care to put out one's hand if they are held within reach ever so temptingly."

"But you have put out your hand to-day," the rector said, with a smile that required effort.

"Yes. This will be a white day to remember."

Jane regretted the words as soon as they were said. She had not meant to say them then, but they had fitted into her merciful little design, and she had not remembered how inappropriate they would seem when viewed from another point. She was full of pain and pity. Her life had been almost all made up of dreams, and suggestions, and things made half possible only to become quite impossible; but here was a startling reality, quite unlike any dream. More had been desired of her than she could give, and so she had to seem to give nothing; and there was more of present pain in such seeming than Mr. Harcourt could know. Yet, as she had said, she was more than grateful to the man whose soul she was troubling. He was not distressing her with any show of his trouble. He remained a little longer,

talking naturally, if more quietly than usual; and then he went away, taking with him the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which Jane had lent to him. Her name was written on the cover. It had only been put there by the bookseller, yet it gave him a curious thrill of pain as he went up the street. That strange unknown other self had ceased to trouble him now—it did not even comfort him by accepting what had happened as relief. Yet he bore his sorrow very stoically as far as appearances went. His colour came back, his face grew bright again, and his smile became as radiant and persistent as it had ever been in his life. If there was any change in him at all it was in his manner of speaking, and it was not a striking change; no one noticed that the tones of his voice were quieter and more resolute save Jane Francis. But there was nothing in it suggestive of sadness, nor of anything to which she could give a name.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE wet day that Mrs. Rushbrooke had desired came at last. A pile of books, with Mangnall's "Questions" at the top and a French grammar at the bottom, was laid ready to take down to Quant's Yard; and then Mrs. Rushbrooke sauntered into the study, doubting a little as she went whether she should acquaint her brother with her intentions or not. She was perfectly satisfied with these same intentions, and there was no reason why she should not be. She was quite capable of disinterestedness under certain conditions, and she had no motive whatever for desiring Jane's improvement save Jane's own good. Still she had doubts as to whether her brother would approve of her interference; and perhaps deep down in her heart there were some graver doubts not yet quite satisfied.

She had expected to find the rector in his study, but he was not there. The window was open, rose-sprays were waving about glittering with the late rain, the sun was lighting up the gilt lettering on the smart modern bindings of the books. They were beautifully arranged, and the arrangement was seldom disturbed. On the writing-table there were piles of tracts and cheap Bibles and Prayer-books, and on the other side some thin pamphlets. All these were quite familiar; but there was something lying between that caught Mrs. Rushbrooke's attention, and chained it there for several minutes.

She did not go down to Quant's Yard

that afternoon; nevertheless, Jane Francis was not forgotten; quite otherwise,—Mrs. Rushbrooke could not put away the thought of her when she wished to do so. Her brother came in, cheerful, chatty as usual; went out again, came in, dined, and sauntered out into the garden. Was it possible that she could have anything so terrible to fear concerning him? Was it possible to remain any longer in patient ignorance? It was not right that she should so remain. For her children's sake, even more than for her own, it was her duty to find out whether anything might yet be done, or, at any rate, whether there was need to do anything.

She startled the rector, coming softly behind him with a thick, grey-covered magazine in her hand. He comprehended the matter instantly. Was she going to be tearful? he wondered, with a little sense of something almost unchristian enough to be enjoyment. But Mrs. Rushbrooke was not a woman to shed tears before the right moment. She carried the review solemnly before her, pointed silently to the name written on the cover, then asked with pathetic eyes and voice,—

"Wilnot, what *does* this mean?"

With great deliberation the rector adjusted his eyeglass, bent forward, and read in distinct tones,—

"*Miss Francis.*"

Mrs. Rushbrooke looked at him with eyes full of eloquent reproach.

"Does it belong to her?" she asked, still speaking pathetically.

"Yes. She lent it to me."

"She lent it to you?"

"Yes. Does it strike you as wonderful?"

Certainly his manner was irritating. Mrs. Rushbrooke paused a moment, a tide of hot colour came to her face, and there was considerable emphasis in the manner in which the offending review touched the grass at some yards distance.

"I call it deceitful, I call it untrue, I call it base. She told me she couldn't read English, much less French. If she will tell one untruth she will tell another. But what could one expect? Hypocritical little wretch! And you——"

"My dear Amelia, stop a moment, will you?" the rector interrupted coolly. "Miss Francis did not tell you that she could not read—she told you nothing but the truth; and if she told it in a manner likely to mislead, I make no doubt that she was not alone to blame, though she blamed herself afterward. But we will drop the subject, please," he concluded, turning to pick up

the review with a certain show of exceeding care.

"Wilmot, I can't drop it," the poor little woman said, once more becoming pathetic. "I can't drop it till I know more about it. You must tell me. You must forgive me. I never meant to speak as I have spoken."

"I hope not," Mr. Harcourt said gravely.

"And there was no need for it?" Mrs. Rushbrooke hazarded.

"Not the slightest."

This was comforting. After a moment's pause she continued in timid tones,—

"And you don't care for Miss Francis—that is, not in any especial way?"

The rector turned slowly, faced his sister with a look that was sad, and true, and contemptuous, and said with deliberation,—

"I *do* care for Miss Francis, I do care for her in an especial way, I care more for her than for any woman I have ever seen. Will that content you? And once more, will you oblige me by not talking of her?"

Would that content her? Would she ever know contentment again? Mr. Harcourt went in-doors and shut himself and his slowly dying pain in his study, and his sister dared not follow him. They seemed to have changed places. She had suddenly become afraid of her own brother, and all through the deceitful, ignorant little creature who by some unknown arts had succeeded in persuading him that he was in love with her. It was preposterous, and not to be borne. There were so many reasons why it could not be borne—reasons mature and immature. She could not explain to him the terrible stumbling-stone that he might be throwing in the path of her dear girls, because that path was not yet quite clear to herself, except by means of such clearness as might be thrown upon it by the light of hope. Yet unquestionably it would be a grievous matter, for them and for herself, if her brother should carry this foolish and wicked fancy to its natural end. And that he was intending so to carry it she had no doubt whatever now. What was to be done? It was impossible not to do anything. Quiescence was beyond human power, especially was it beyond the power of humanity, that had worked its feelings up to a state of anger and alarm. She might not appeal to her brother, he had refused to hear her; but there was some one else who might be made to hear. If she could do nothing else, she could find relief in explaining to Jane Francis her views of the past, the present, and the future.

Hurrying into the house, throwing on her bonnet, rushing along the lane, and down the sleepy street into Quant's Yard, the tumult of feeling within her seemed to rise with every step. Fortunately for her, Jane was quite alone, sitting in the narrow bare room, a little softened, a little thoughtful, as she was apt to be in the twilight. Poor Jane, I believe she was glad to see even Mrs. Rushbrooke, though it did not escape her that the lady's greeting was uttered in a strange hard voice, and that she was looking at her with an intent look, that was difficult to understand.

"I dare say you're wondering to see me out so late as this," she began, speaking in breathless tones, throwing her mauve bonnet-strings back, turning her flushed face toward Jane. "It's quite an unusual thing. I never go beyond the garden after dinner. But I couldn't help it this evening, I was obliged to come." Then she paused a moment. Her eyes, which had been swollen and narrowed with excitement, seemed suddenly to dilate, to acquire new force and intensity of expression. "Miss Francis, what *are* you meaning?" she concluded in abrupt accents.

"What am I meaning?" asked Jane, not without a momentary suspicion of her visitor's sanity.

"Yes. Don't I speak plainly? What are you meaning? What *can* you be meaning? Have you *no* sense of what is right, or fitting, or proper? I know you've had no opportunities of learning these things, but nine women out of ten know them without learning. Not one woman in a hundred would have dared to do what you have done. My brother may be to blame, but he cannot be so much to blame as you are. You have flattered him into this, and you have deceived me into shutting my eyes to it. Once more I ask you what you mean, and where you mean to stop?"

It had not needed the latter half of Mrs. Rushbrooke's speech to give Jane the clue to her thoughts. For the first moment she was stunned, then angered. But there were strong reasons why both these sensations should quickly give way to mingled feelings of pity and amusement. She felt, though she was hardly conscious of it, in every way above the situation, immeasurably above the woman who had placed her in it. Instead of answering she was looking at Mrs. Rushbrooke with curiosity, her straightforward eyes a little softened, her lips quivering with a suppressed smile.

"You don't answer me," Mrs. Rush-

brooke went on, with added bitterness; "you don't dare to answer me, and no wonder. If I were you I shouldn't dare to look any upright woman in the face."

Jane's smile would come, but it was a strange, almost sad smile. She drew herself up a little as she spoke, and her keen, eloquent face seemed to express its superiority in every line.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Rushbrooke," she said, quietly, and speaking with the purest and most deliberate intonation she was capable of—"pardon me, I think it is hardly worthy of you to say things like that. You will regret them afterward. I know, of course, what it is that you are alluding to, probably I may know more than you do at present; but I feel sure that when you do know, you will be sorry for the things you have said."

She would not speak more plainly; and she would not ask any questions. Naturally she was a little puzzled, but she had perceived enough to assure her that Mrs. Rushbrooke, though assuming a good deal, knew really nothing. If the rector had not thought fit to explain the truth to his sister, it was not for her to do it.

Neither her words nor her manner was without effect upon Mrs. Rushbrooke. That lady sat for an uneasy moment or two smoothing the folds of her grey moire antique dress with the tips of her fingers, glancing with furtive, bewildered eyes at the little figure, who sat with such queen-like dignity in a dress that was all but in rags; and for one moment her thoughts wandered away. What was there in those peculiar women who were independent of dress? Presumption, she believed, and a high opinion of themselves. But that had nothing to do with her errand. She was as far from being satisfied as ever, and as much puzzled. This attitude of Jane's—self-controlled, deliberate, unabashed—did not confirm her worst fears.

"Perhaps you are right, Miss Francis," she said, after a pause, speaking with apparent thought, and much less acrimony. "I dare say I shall be sorry. But you know it is very terrible for me—even the uncertainty is terrible. For, to tell you the truth, I do not yet know how far matters have gone between my brother and yourself. I hope not so far as—as I feared at first. Will you tell me? I will not repeat to him, nor to anybody, one word that you say."

"You are at liberty to repeat to Mr. Harcourt, or to anybody, anything that may be said by me. I cannot tell you what you ask."

"You will not tell me whether you are engaged to him or not?"

Once more Jane hesitated and wondered. She decided that no one but the rector himself could have aroused Mrs. Rushbrooke's fears. Why had he done so? Why had he not set them at rest again? Doubtless he had had some motive with which she had better not interfere. Perhaps she was aided in this resolution by the strong temptation she was under to indulge her sense of amusement a little. Mrs. Rushbrooke had awakened her mischievous propensities to the uttermost, and seemed likely to keep them awake.

"Oh, Miss Francis," she began again, still a little awed and a little puzzled, "if you only knew all the reasons I have for coming here this evening, you wouldn't blame me, you wouldn't think it strange—indeed you wouldn't. It is for my daughters' sake more than my own, or for my brother's. It would be a terrible thing for us all if my brother were to marry—well, out of his sphere, you know. I don't want to hurt your feelings in any way, but you must know that you are not his equal. And, as I was saying, it would be bad for us all, but especially for my dear girls. We couldn't expect anybody of good family to be desirous of marrying into ours if such a thing as that took place. And just now, especially. I can't explain, but it would be especially bad just now."

Jane looked concerned and sympathetic, and again Mrs. Rushbrooke went on,—

"I think I may mention it to you, but in the strictest confidence. And there is nothing definite; nothing at all definite. But I dare say you have heard of Major Falconer, Lady Ursula's son, you know. We are very intimate with them, and have been ever since we came to Sedgewborough. And Major Falconer is so charming, with that charm that only belongs to high-bred people; and we have seen so much of him lately, though just at present he is in London. And he has been so very attentive to my darling Cecy. I can't help having my own thoughts—a mother's thoughts, you know. And only think, if anything came between, it might ruin my hopes, and Cecy's happiness too. So now you see, Miss Francis. Surely you will understand me; surely you will not do anything to cause so much misery."

Jane was still sitting with her stately air, and her earnestly attentive face.

"Am I to understand that you think my marrying Mr. Harcourt would prevent



Major Falconer from marrying your daughter?" she asked, in clear, measured tones.

"I do; indeed, I do. I have good reason for thinking so, though, as I said before, I tell you in the strictest confidence. But I do so in order that you may see plainly beforehand at least some small part of the unhappiness that would doubtless come of such an unsuitable marriage. I dare say you think a great deal of my brother; I can quite understand that; but, indeed, dear Miss Francis, you would soon get over it. Girls like you often have half-a-dozen such fancies, and marry some one quite different from any of them at the last."

"So I have heard," Jane said, in an absent kind of way. She was apparently in deep thought; and Mrs. Rushbrooke congratulated herself on having made an impression at last, though she was somewhat doubtful as to the kind of impression. But the twilight was deepening into darkness now. Her brother might miss her, might even suspect where she had gone, and why. She dared not remain longer, though she was still unsatisfied. But she saw no prospect of immediate satisfaction. "I cannot tell you what you ask," Jane had said, and Mrs. Rushbrooke had perceived that she meant it. She must go, but she would go in a manner that would leave her free to come again.

"Promise me, at least, that you will think over what I have said," she begged, gathering her rustling dress together, and drawing her lace shawl gracefully about her. And Jane bowed, smiling a little sadly as she said in quiet tones, "Indeed, I will not forget."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### SOCIAL, REPRESENTATIVE, AND RAMBLING PLANTS.

THAT ambiguous animal the Arctic dog, with his cur's head and fox's tail and mixed yelp, is the miserable witness in the high latitudes beyond Alten (N. lat. 70°), the limit of Finnish cultivation, that there is vegetation somewhere, even if the snow hides it; since the prey of that carnivorous prowler could not exist without vegetation, however scanty it may be. The reindeer moss (*Cenomyce rangiferina*) is the weak link, if the term may be used, between the animal and the earth; and if the reindeer's provender failed him in Finmark, he would have to cease digging there in the snow and move further from

North Cape, rattling his broad, loose hoofs like a deer in pattens, except when his foot fell softly on that white carpet which is spread so widely over the reindeer's native land. The turnip and potato could never have climbed to 70° north latitude, and the cabbage, carrot, parsnip, and barley to from 64° to 66°, if the industrious sun did not sit up all night at midsummer, in that region, so that a few quick plants have time to smile among the hills round Tornea before winter locks up the glens with ice for nine months. The reindeer finds meadows in Lapland, but not green pasture; for the reindeer's lichen, which forms the pasturage of Lapland, is bright yellow in summer and snow-white in winter. The bear's moss (*Muscus polytricha*) also covers large tracts and makes excellent pasture, and soft stuffing for mattresses that are reported by travellers to be most comfortable. Searching for representative plants we find the Alpine saxifrages and the white cotton grass (*Eriophorum*), which is not a grass but a sedge, an occasional bog plant in England, and one which covers hundreds of acres in the peats of Orkney and Shetland. Nearer St. Petersburg (60° N. lat.) are found the first of the grasses which cover half the cultivated land of England and pass through Europe into Siberia, in a belt whose greenest end lies on Holland while its eastern limit may be compared to a brown overcoat, much the worse for the drought that prevails in the interior of Asia. The first grass is a foxtail (*Alopecurus alpinus*), which strays into the northern districts of Britain, and is allied to the *A. pratensis* and *A. agrestis* of our English pastures and arable fields.

The first flowers of the north are beautiful, and many of them are familiar. The yellow and white water-lily are wild flowers of Lapland; the little *Daphne mezereum*, which breaks into flower here in February before its leaves appear, is common there. Many of our early flowers, which blossom here with the first smile of spring, bloom more beautifully, if possible, on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia and of the Baltic, such as the wood-anemone, hepatica, and cowslip. Our early shrubs, the dog-rose, guelder-rose, hawthorn, and hazel, are found on the same shores, and the sloe reaches as far north as the Swedish river Dal-Elf. The trees that venture nearest the line of perpetual snow are the dwarf birch and willow, the latter being so small that several specimens of the full-grown tree, with roots, stems, and branches, might be laid on a sheet of note-paper.

Glancing at a corresponding region in the western hemisphere, we find that timber-trees and textile plants are wanting on the shores of Baffin's Bay, and, on the arrival of Captain Sir James Ross and the Arctic Expedition, the Esquimaux were equally puzzled by his shirts and the materials of his ships. Wood was something quite new to them, and a linen shirt they looked upon as a very beautiful skin, though not particularly warm without the fur! Returning to Europe and continuing to travel towards the south, we find ourselves among the plants which form groups subsidiary to the natural zones of vegetation, tribes that may be described as being sociable, from their habit of living in close society. The heath is one of the sociable plants that once covered Blackheath and still shelter the blackcock on the sand-hills of Surrey. Large tracts of fir, with heath as a carpet, encircle the sand-flats of Northern Germany, and a broad tract of heath blackens great part of the landscape in Mecklenburg, Heide-Hanover, the north of Prussia, and to the extremity of Jutland, stained here and there with livelier patches of the whortleberry and cranberry which, with the gorse, are among the sociable tribes that occur in wild and inhospitable places as if to smooth the asperities of existence amongst rugged scenes, soften the rude features of poor and barren spots, iron out the wrinkles on the face of nature, clothe her in suitable attire, and make her more cheerful than she could have been in such retreats if they were unadorned by the sociable plants.

The trees and shrubs nearest the dwarfs of high latitudes are the birch of northern Europe and Asia, the mountain ash, the Scotch fir, and after it the spruce, the cold alder, bird, cherry, aspen, gooseberry, and raspberry. Afterwards we reach the northern limit of the ash, the oak, and the beech at Drontheim, in Norway (N. lat. 63°), on the Atlantic coast, eight hundred miles further from the equator than they are found in the colder shores of the Pacific in Asiatic Russia. Forests cover great part of northern Russia, and are to the peasantry what the sea is to the fishermen. They plait their shoes from the rind of the young lime-shoots, and use the wood of the all-prevailing birch for every imaginable purpose, including the distillation of a fermented liquor and of the tar used in preparing Russian leather.

The oak, beech, yew, and holly of our English landscapes, and of the apple and pear countries which lie between the nee-

dle-leaved conifers and the vine, mulberry, and maize, lead us on to Italian slopes, whence we may ascend the Alps, passing through successive belts of oak and beech (*i.e.* at twenty-five hundred feet and at three thousand feet), to the higher levels of the spruce, larch, and Scotch fir. The birch stage commences at forty-five hundred feet and ends at six thousand feet, where a stunted, dark, and wiry-looking conifer (*Pinus cembra*) rivals the birch and generally beats it by about one hundred yards; and then the dwarfs enter the field, including an alder (*Alnus viridis*), and in company with rhododendrons, appropriately named Alpine roses, and with gentians and saxifrages and other little perennials, which anchor safely on the high Alps, hugging the ground with short stems that become thick and bushy from being naturally pruned and cut back every year. Annuals, being less abundantly provided with ways and means of living, are confined to spots where the yearly pinch of seed which is their only hope may ripen more surely, and where the giants of frost trample the ground less frequently.

Higher yet, amidst the snow, we find the *Gentiana nivalis*, an inch-high mouse-ear, and the last saxifrage, and then the latest effort of vegetation stains the snow-topped rocks with lichens and mosses. We may add the auricula to this list of plants that have descended to our gardens from the upper declivities of the mountain-chains of Europe. Among those which came from lower levels are the peony, the Christmas rose, the yellow acornite, the laburnum and *Althæa frutex*, which last was found on the south side of the Alps in the high valleys of Carniola, far removed from the *Althæa rosea*, or hollyhock, which is a native of China, and looking down on the plains of Italy where other species of the mallow family (*Malvaceæ*) abound and become trees, having started, in our colder climate, from the humbler position of herbaceous wayside plants, bearing a flat, ribbed fruit in a calyx, like a cheese wrapped, and indeed called "cheeses," and "fromageons," by rustic England and France. Azaleas and andromedas help to paint the physiognomy of those mountain regions whose water-supply above forms bogs below; but in latitudes whose heights do not reach the snow-line, as in the mountains of Java and Sumatra, the alpine vegetation is starved for want of nourishment, and is a very poor copy of that of Europe.

Perhaps the best epitome of mountain vegetation is that of Mount Ventoux in

Provence, described by Professor Charles Martins, of Montpellier. There are six botanical regions on the southern slopes of the mountain, and five on the opposite side. At the southern foot of Ventoux the Aleppo pine and the olive are found with the peculiar vegetation which those two plants encircle by the girdle they draw round the Mediterranean. The olive outclimbs the pine and reaches fourteen hundred feet, the rosemary and Spanish broom keeping its company, with the Kermes oak (*Quercus coccifera*), an evergreen bush of from seven feet to twelve feet high, common on poor spots in the Mediterranean regions, whose leaves like those of the cactus (*Cochinillifera*) are depastured by the cochineal insect. Then come the other evergreen oaks with thyme and lavender for under-shrubs, and then beautiful beeches fill the sheltered ravines and deep valleys, whose exposed edges are covered with humble bushes rolled into hard balls with a crowd of closely knotted branches, and squatting on the ground like little old pigmies, counting more years, perhaps, than the giant beeches close by. Sub-alpine plants grow around, such as the buckthorn, gooseberry, and wall-flower. At six thousand feet intense cold and violent wind have banished all plants except one of the conifers (*Pinus uncinata*). The common juniper is the companion of the beeches no Mount Ventoux, as it is on the north downs of Surrey, on whose southern slopes it forms, at Shiere, clumps of cypress-like shrubs twenty-five feet in height, instead of being constrained, by an annual burden of snow, to trail on the ground, as on some of the mountains of Europe. On the northern sides of Mount Ventoux, the vegetation of the loftiest ridges of the Jura and the Pyrenees, and that of the shores of Spitzbergen, are watered by the melting snow, with many specimens of the flora of Lapland and Iceland. Professor Charles Martins mentions finding the mountain germander (*Veronica montana*), the tufted saxifrage (*S. caespitosa*), the orange-flowering poppy, the violet of Mount Cenis, the purple saxifrage, three arenarias, one ononis, and the common stinging nettle, looking quite like an old friend. The stinging nettle, like the shepherd's purse (*Capsella bursa-pastoris*), follows man wherever he goes, and may, perhaps, have gone up Mount Ventoux at the time of Petrarch's ascent, since it is found growing about a chapel built near the summit to commemorate that event.

Our trees and shrubs of ornament fill the woods and groves of the Mediterra-

nean coasts. Among them are the chestnut, olive, orange, evergreen oak, holly, laurels, cistus, and strawberry trees, the bay and the myrtle, the dwarf palm and the outlying evergreens of the tropics. We pass on to the Caucasian gardens where the ancient Mediterranean nations helped themselves, and from which no doubt the gardens of Alcinous and Laertes were stocked with the fruit-trees whose offspring are now found in all temperate and warm-temperate zones, from Oregon to Australia. In the valleys of Georgia, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, sheltered by the chain of Caucasus and under the heights of Ararat, the vine grows wild in its native country, festooning the tallest trees of the forests of Mingrelia and binding them with broddignag cables of six inches in diameter. There is winter at Tiflis, but it begins in December and ends with January, and there are no early frosts in the home of our wall-fruits to cut off the blossoms which, in our climate, are somewhat premature in making their appearance. From this ancient cradle of plants, swinging between the two seas, from the heights of Caucasus, we reach the Oxus, which flows through another of the gardens of Asia; but first we must pass through the desert of Bokhara and find the favourite provender of the camel, the camel's thorn (*Galenia Africana*), growing amongst the low brushwood and stunted herbage, and appropriately introducing the vegetation of the luxurious East. Beyond the desert there are thickets of lemon, pomegranate, pear, and cherry, and all the fruits of our south walls, growing wild, and having strayed, perhaps, from the ancient gardens of the sons of Noah, who dwell in that famous valley of the Oxus, which conquerors have coveted from the days of Alexander, the birthplace of Timour, and the gateway between Europe and Cabul. Passing through this garden district to that of the tea and camellia, we shall note down the names of a few of its plants, such as the native cucumber and watermelon, a magnificent maize-like millet (*Holcus saccharatus*), cotton and the mulberry, the vine and tobacco, the castor-oil plant, the assafoetida plant, gum ammoniac, the manna-bearing tamarisk, and the eastern plane.

Tea, like cocoa, is the product of a congregating plant, formed side by side with the camellia, its near family connection, whose single white blossom is copied in miniature by that of the tea. The tea-shrub had a mythological origin, like

those useful plants which western nations owed to the favour of Osiris, Bacchus, and others of that ilk. Schouw relates a Japanese story of the mission of Darma, a Buddhist saint of the sixth century, who came to China to teach his faith, and had the misfortune to fall asleep when he had vowed to seek spiritual strength by twenty-four hours of prayer. To atone for his broken vow he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground, which forthwith produced a tea-plant, whose leaves enabled the saint to withstand sleep, and were afterwards recommended by him to his disciples. Tea is as intolerant of too much warmth as of too much cold; it grows as far north as Pekin, and as far south as Cochin-China, but its profitable cultivation is confined to a narrow zone in China, Japan, and the adjacent British territories, among the valleys of the Himalaya in Assam. The nearest approach in England to the climate of the tea and camellia districts in China is in Cornwall, where the myrtle and camellia grow luxuriantly in the open air, on the promontory terminated by Lizard Point, but as the apricot, grape, and greengage plants do not ripen there for lack of sufficient sunbeams, we have no faith that Cornish tea can ever rival Cornish tin.

There are some remarkable belts of characteristic plants on the Himalayas. In passing through Sikkim, where the vapour-clouds of the Indian Ocean are condensed in constant mist and rain, Dr. Hooker found the greatest settlement of rhododendrons in the world, comprising representatives of the tribe of different character at the several altitudes from the little *R. nivale* that trails in the snow to the *R. argentum*, a tree of forty feet, with enormous silvery leaves, that grows at the oak and chestnut level in the woods of Darjeeling. A region of silver firs, junipers, birch-trees and willows, honey-suckles and berberies, follow successive belts of rhododendrons, and at twelve thousand two hundred feet a loftier rhododendron forms an almost exclusive belt, one thousand one hundred feet broad, with our common meadow-grass (*Poa annua*) for a wayside fringe, and the humble shepherd's purse scattered about. The ground then becomes hard and frozen, and covered with vegetation very similar to that of alpine heights in Europe. Grasses, saxifrages, and potentils are scattered over the confines of vegetable life, and at twenty-two thousand feet even the mosses and lichens disappear amidst perpetual snow. An arenaria (*A. rupifra-*

*gra*) is the last phanerogam on Mount Donkia in the Himalayas of Thibet at twenty-three thousand four hundred feet, having climbed rather further into the abode of snow (*i.e.* *Himalayas*) than the sheep's fescue (*Festuca ovina*) of our pastures, or the Woodsia, a little fern found near the summit. In that district the broad sides of the Sinchul and other mountains at seven or eight thousand feet, are covered in May with a sheet of blossoms like a snow-fall, by the white-flowered *Rhododendron Excelsa*. At thirteen thousand feet, and nearly half way towards the peak of Kinchingunga (28,178 feet), which overtops all other heights on the face of the globe, several Himalayan villages carry humanity to its loftiest abode, and, with it, the cultivation of barley, millet, strawberries, and currants.

When Robinson Crusoe landed in Cochin-China, he crossed Tartary on his western journey, and we shall do so too, for the sake of seeing the vegetation of the steppes of Onsk, and of the salt plains of the Caspian. A peculiarity of the Tartarian steppes is the gigantic size of some of our humble plants, such as milfoil (*Achillea*) and wormwood (*Artemisia*) which grow to a height of several feet. The mullein (*Verbascum*), called "steppe-lights," is a gigantic plant; and the thistle shelters the hovels of the wilderness like the groves of other lands. In autumn, when a clump of thistles has dried into a light dome of interlaced branches, it is lifted by the wind, and then earns its name of "wind-witch" by a weird performance in the air, described by Professor Schleiden, who witnessed it with the curious eye of a botanical explorer. "Numbers of such balls," he says, "often fly at once over the plain, with such rapidity that no horseman could overtake them; now hopping with short, quick springs along the ground, now whirling in great circles around each other, rolling onward in a spirit-like dance over the turf; now, caught by an eddy, rising suddenly a hundred feet into the air. Often one wind-witch hooks on to another, twenty more join company, and the whole gigantic yet airy mass rolls away before the piping east wind." This revolving mass is the "wheel" or "rolling thing" of the Psalmist (Ps. lxxxiii. 13), an image perfectly natural to the native of a country where gigantic wild artichokes (thistles) are a common weed.

Mountain-chains and deserts have barred an intercourse of plants in Asia; the Mediterranean, running east and west,

has kept the flora of Africa distinct from that of Europe; and the Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians have proved more impassable to wild plants than to civilized armies. The weeping willow might have wept forever in Persia, the gladiolus and ixia might have blossomed only in South Africa, and the horse-chestnut, lilac, and sweet jessamine have adorned the shores of the Caspian only, if ancient and modern plant-collectors had not aided them to migrate. But there is less obstruction to the passage of plants in the New World; and the pines of the north are found all along the continent to the Isthmus of Panama, at the altitude which suits their habits. The liquid amber, a handsome tree, descends to the sea-side in latitude  $43.5^{\circ}$ , and in latitude  $18^{\circ}$ – $19^{\circ}$  is as happily situated on the hills. The most singular groupings in the equatorial regions of America are those in the West-Indian islands, where the vegetation of the tropics is found at the base of the mountains, separated only by a mile or two from that of the temperate regions above, so that our culinary plants and vegetables are cultivated within a rifle-shot of the mango and banana-tree. Confining ourselves, however, to representative and congregating plants, there is a saxifrage allied to London-pride, blossoming nearer heaven than any other flower in the Old World, on the declivity of Chimborazo, at 15,770 feet, and beyond the limits of perpetual snow. The cinchona, or Peruvian-bark tree, is a mountain genus, which was confined to the sides and plateaux of the Cordilleras of the Andes when Humboldt botanized that region, but is now distributed over other equatorial hills in America, and has been planted successfully in the higher regions of British India. The tree was named after the Countess del Cinchona, wife of the Spanish viceroy at Lima, and the first European who was cured of fever by the specific. The Jesuit teachers of the colony received a large present of bark from the grateful convalescent, and in 1638 one of them brought the drug to Europe, where Louis XV. was one of the first to take the new tonic, and after the monarch the poor of Rome experienced its virtues through the benevolence of an Italian cardinal. The cinchona, potato, and cactus are all typical plants of America.

The special habitat of the cactus is on the western sides of the Andes, wherever the soil is unrefreshed by rain or irrigation, as, for instance, on the sterile coast of Peru, and on the Andes of Tacna

and Arequipa, or among the rocks of California, where the columnar cactus (*Cereus giganteus*) keeps its own company on the dry, rock-bound, dreary coast, and its trunk stands till old age withers it into the likeness of a gigantic spectre of forty feet in height. Herr Baldwin Möllhausen, in his "Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific," described a group of the columnar cactus growing near the Colorado River among stones and in clefts of the rock, with scarcely a particle of vegetable soil. The plant grows out of the ground like an immense club, but at twenty-five feet throws out branches which extend at right angles with the trunk and then turn upwards, giving the strongly-ribbed cactus column the appearance of a huge vegetable candleabra, which is adorned in summer with large white blossoms. The columnar cacti become curious spectacles after death, when their flesh decays and their skeletons stand year after year on the heights and declivities of the mountains: solemn, silent forms, motionless, even in a hurricane. Some, like petrified giants, seem to stretch out their arms in pain; others keep dreary watch on the edge of precipices, and stand as if gazing into the abyss. Birds don't alight on the thorny branches of the *Cereus giganteus*, but wasps and woodpeckers live in its old wounds and scars. Amongst this tribe of succulents, the globular cactus retaining its sap becomes a spring in the deserts of South America, which travellers open with their knives, while the wild asses get access to them by kicking off the prickly cactus coat with their heels, in doing which they are frequently lamed past recovery. The rough-skinned cacti are examples of leathery and prickly plants, while ferns and aloes represent those that are graceful and rigid, besides being types of the fast and slow in vegetation. The American aloes is said to blossom only once in a hundred years, and if this be a mistake (since fine specimens have blossomed in Guernsey at thirty-five years old) still it is a slow plant, and any attempt to hasten it in a hot-house proves fatal. Perhaps the most striking specimen of the odd and unusual among plants is found in Sumatra and the Indian Archipelago, where a strange rhizanth, without leaf or stem, named after Sir S. Raffles, bears a blossom three feet in diameter, only rivalled in size by the South-American Victoria water-lily, and the aristolochias, with their enormous helmet-like flowers.

The cyatheas, or tree-ferns of the West-



Indian Islands, are most striking and majestic forms of vegetation. Like the cocoa and American fig (*Ficus giganteus*), they shun the sun's rays, and seek solitudes with little light and a stagnant air in inland forests, approaching the coasts only under cover of thick shades where the moist and heated air covers the foliage and trunks of trees with a drapery of aroids, bromeliaceæ, and ferns; where the earth is overloaded with vegetation, and the trees are matted together by lianes — gigantic, rope-like, woody climbers — passing sometimes from one tree to another at a great height from the ground. Among typical plants we must include the tallest individuals of the vegetable kingdom, which are found among the conifers and the gum-trees (*Eucalypti*) of Australia. The *Wellingtonia gigantea* is an American conifer overtopping "all creation" of its kind, and growing only in one or two Californian valleys in the Sierra Nevada. The "Mother of the Forest" measured 327 feet in height when 116 feet of its bark were stripped off for the purpose of being set up in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where, until the disastrous fire, it formed one of the chief ornaments. Three hundred feet of the "Father of the Forest" lay prone on the earth after the top had been removed, and it was estimated, according to the average taper of the trees, that its height must have been four hundred and fifty feet. Dancing parties of four sets of cotillions, besides musicians and lookers-on, have assembled on the solid stump of this tree, which is ninety-six feet in circumference; and a horseman has ridden through the hollowed trunk.

The tallest palms are the cabbage-palm (*Areca oleracea*) and the wax-palm (*Ceroxylon andicola*), which reach from one hundred and sixty to two hundred feet; the most singular of the tribe is the fan-palm, and the most beautiful the Jagua palm, with its lofty stem, crowned with leaves sixteen to seventeen feet long, and curling at its extremities like plumes. One need not travel further than the palm-house at Kew to be convinced that, in the vegetable world, the palm of beauty belongs to the palms. The most beautiful exogenous tree, when young, is perhaps the *Araucaria excelsa*, or Norfolk Island pine, a specimen of which pines in the open garden at Kew, while an avenue of these lovely evergreens, in the full beauty of their exquisite foliage, decorates the nave of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

We have thus travelled rapidly among a few of the representative plants, and

may be pardoned, perhaps, if we return home at last to notice a very comely tree-shrub whose shining green leaves cheer the hedgerows and covert-sides at all seasons, and which, when decked with red berries at Christmas, is so dearly associated with that festive period. A sprig of holly would stir a deeper chord in the heart of a wanderer of our widely-scattered race than any other plant he could meet with; and we may safely pronounce the holly to be the plant sweetest in song and memory. It was not a wreath of bay or myrtle that Burns had seen in his vision when he sung —

And wear thou this, she solemn said,  
And bound the holly round my head;  
The polished leaves and berries red  
Did rustling play;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away.

H. EVERSLED.

From The Sunday Magazine.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

A STORY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CHAPTER IV.

JANET had not known what to do with herself on the first day that she spent in her uncle's house, but after a very little while, whatever else she might have to complain of, at any rate she had not any longer to complain of having much idle time upon her hands. She was a deft little maid, with a light step and useful fingers, and Mrs. Mason, who was a stirring woman, soon began to find plenty of occupation for her. If she could not darn stockings, at any rate she could wash up cups and saucers; she could answer the door and run messages; she could do a score of odd jobs in the house or out of it; she could wash the potatoes, and turn the roasts, and fill the skuttles.

"Why, you're beginning to find her quite useful," Mr. Mason ventured to say to his wife rather cheerily one day. But when he said this Mrs. Mason knitted her brows, and made a reply that caused Janet to hang her head with humiliation.

"Humph! Useful, do you call her?" said Mrs. Mason. "It will be many a day before *she* earns her salt." And then she turned sharply to Janet, and rebuked her for something she was doing amiss, in a tone that made the poor little soul shake in her shoes.

But still, though Mrs. Mason was harsh

enough to Janet, she was not a bad woman altogether; she would not have starved the child, or beaten her, or ill-treated her. If she would not acknowledge that she was of any use, that was not because she wanted to be specially unjust to Janet, but because she thought all children—or, at any rate, all girls—ought to be kept under, and have conceit well knocked out of them. Janet was not worse than other girls, perhaps, but, take them all in all, they were a poor lot, and she thanked goodness *she* had none but boys. "For, dear me, if a boy is bothersome, you can always turn him out of the house," she would often say in a tone of self-congratulation, "but a girl has to be kept at your apron-string, as if she was tied to you." And, indeed, to do her justice, Mrs. Mason let her practice agree so thoroughly with her theory that she turned Jack and Bill and Dick out of doors whenever their condition seemed to her motherly eye to require that treatment, with a readiness and decision of touch that were quite delightful to witness.

I think, as far as Janet was concerned, the terms on which she soon got to stand with her cousins were, more than anything else I know, like the terms on which a kitten stands with three big dogs who are worrying it. When dogs are worrying kittens they only mean their worrying for play, perhaps, but it is such cruel play that the poor cat gets scared almost to death, and loses its wits with terror. And so Janet used to get scared, and to lose her wits when Jack and Dick and Bill chose to amuse themselves in idle moments by making fun out of her.

Of course, she would not have suffered half as much as she did if she had not been such a timid child. If she could have held her own with these rough spirits things would have gone quite differently with her; she might have come in for a good many blows and breezes, but she would have given blows as well as taken them; she would have stood up for herself, and then they would not have trampled on and tyrannized over her. But alas, poor little soul, she could not hold her own; she was just like the little kitten who, when it is attacked, can only fly wildly for its life. Was she not fair game, when she was such a frightened, stupid little thing? There was nothing that the boys loved better than to make a rush at her, and chase her through the lobby and up the stairs, till her heart was in her mouth, and her legs gave way under her, and they had hunted her into a corner, where she went down upon the ground in

a little heap. Often when they had got her there, they used to imprison her, sitting crosslegged in a semicircle before her, and then through this barrier of flesh it was their pleasure to force her to make efforts to escape—feeble little efforts that succeeded you may fancy how rarely. Sometimes, as a cat does with a mouse, they would let her escape, or seem to escape for a little way, and then would spring to their feet and pounce down again upon her, with a yell that would make her blood run cold. I daresay they never thought they were cruel to her; it was only their way of amusing themselves. One *must* get amusement somehow; and life in Camden Town is sometimes dull.

"Boys, leave the child alone; if you don't, I'll make it worse for you," Mr. Mason would occasionally shout out, in an angry tone, taking his pipe out of his mouth, or turning from his newspaper, as some sounds from Janet's voice would meet his ear of more than ordinary distress; but when Mr. Mason called out a warning of this sort, his three sons, I am obliged to confess, paid very little heed to him. For Mr. Mason was a heavy man, and slow of movement, and was a good deal fonder, as his boys had found out a long time ago, of uttering threats than of executing them. Occasionally, but only very occasionally indeed, he would rouse himself to action, and then his weight of body told, and the effect he produced was great and wholesome; but in a general way he conducted the education of his sons with words only, and not with deeds; and Dick and Jack and Bill minded words no more than they would have minded if you had blown upon them.

When Dick would come (as he did sometimes) behind Janet's chair, and tilt it up, and upset her upon the floor, it would have been a good thing if, instead of looking scared, she could have turned upon him, and twitched his hair or boxed his ears. When Jack would seize one of her feet in his big paws, and force her, by threats of mysterious punishment if she refused, to hop round the room upon one leg, it would have been well if she could have laughed instead of going through this exercise with a look of as much terror on her face as if she had been a fly in the grip of a great spider. And when Bill, making her shut her eyes, would try to introduce strange substances into her mouth—raw onions, or cayenne pepper, or candle-grease—if she could have resisted him, or have tried to get some of these pernicious articles between his own teeth,

and so have turned the tables on him, not only Dick and Jack, but Bill himself, would have had a far greater respect for her than any of them had when she only cried, and entreated, and turned sick.

But alas, she could not do these things; she was too timid to do them, and so they took advantage of her, and badgered and worried her continually more and more. Would not many another boy, besides these three, have done the same? It was such fun to frighten her, and make her do what you liked, and make her believe whatever you chose to say. These boys used to tell all kinds of incredible things to her, protesting they were all as true as gospel, till Janet, not able to believe, and yet in the face of such a solemn assertion not knowing how to doubt, would have her whole mind in a whirl.

"I saw three men drowned to-day," said Dick carelessly one evening, looking up from his lesson-book, and bobbing his head in the direction of Janet, who was labouring hard at darning stockings, to indicate that he was addressing his information to her, but flinging it out at the same time quite lightly and airily, in the cheerful way in which one would naturally announce such a fact.

"Three men drowned!" echoed Janet, in a tone of consternation.

"Yes; tumbled head over heels — one after another — right over London Bridge."

"Oh, you didn't!" cried Janet incredulously.

"I didn't! What do you mean by saying I didn't? Tell me that again, and I'll shy something at you," cried Dick, red with indignation.

"But — what did they do it for?" asked Janet, hesitating.

"Do it for? Wanted to be drowned, I suppose. They'd all got their boots off, and they left their watches tied up on the bridge in a pocket-handkerchief."

"Oh!" exclaimed Janet, quite overcome by the thoughtful consideration of this act.

"Oh, they generally do that," said Dick, in an off-hand way. There's no use in taking their watches with them, you know."

"N — no, of course not. But — but these men weren't really drowned, were they?" asked Janet anxiously after a moment.

"Weren't drowned? Of course they were! Drowned as dead as a door nail. Saw them pulled out, and they were purple all over, and swollen as round as a pudding."

"Oh!" cried Janet again, with a face of horror and anguish.

"They were three brothers."

"Oh dear!"

"Fishmongers."

"All three of them?"

"Yes — down in the Borough. I know the shop."

"Do you really?"

And then Janet sat staring blankly in Dick's face, who whistled for a minute, while he arranged the continuation of his story, and at the end of that time threw out a few more crumbs of information.

"They're going to bury them all in one coffin."

"What do they do that for?" asked Janet precipitately, naturally astonished at this novel arrangement.

"Comes cheap. I've seen — why, I've seen six men buried in one coffin before now."

"And — and were they all drowned too?" asked Janet, quite aghast at the peculiar nature of Dick's experiences.

"Well — yes, they were drowned," said Dick slowly, taking a moment or two to consider the question, and to weigh the relative attractiveness in a story of death by drowning or by any other means, — say, by fire, or poison. "They were drowned. All six of them — at one swoop."

"What a dreadful thing!" exclaimed Janet solemnly.

"No, it ain't dreadful. It ain't a bit worse than prussic acid," said Dick contemptuously. "I could tell you lots of things worse."

"Oh, but please don't! I would rather not hear them!"

"Getting chopped up into mince-meat — that's worse. Half the sausages you eat are made up that way. I've found thumb and finger nails in sausages scores and scores of times."

"Oh, Dick!" cried Janet in an agony.

"There's nothing they don't put in. Candle-ends and old shoes, and cats and dogs, and dead people. They all taste right enough when you chop them up with salt and pepper. I'll ask mother to have sausages for dinner to-morrow."

"Oh, Dick, please don't!"

"What's the use of saying 'don't' when I tell you that I will? You want a hiding," said Dick threateningly.

"No, no, Dick!" and the child began to shiver.

"I daresay you've not had any running about all day."

"Yes, I have! Oh, indeed I have!"

"Then you want a little more."

"No—please, Dick!"

But Dick's nature was not of that weak kind that is influenced by a few foolish tears or prayers.

"Whoop! Hist! H—s—s—h!" he cried, and bolted from his seat, and then away like the wind went poor little Janet, and scudded up-stairs and down-stairs, and doubled like a hare, till she was brought to bay at last, breathless and panting.

Could she ever get used to this rough play? Could she ever get to find pleasure in it instead of only torture? She used to lie in her little bed often sobbing with pain and terror. She used to lie thinking of the days that were gone—yearning for the love that she had lost—for the face that she should never see again.

You know when we are very young it always is so difficult to look before us. We feel the trouble of to-day, and we cannot look beyond it, nor believe that to-morrow God will perhaps bring back the sunshine. We cannot believe that the thing which is will not remain forever. In after life all that becomes different. We know then that one thing is sure if a thousand things are doubtful, and that that one sure thing is that all about us in this world will change—both the evil and the good—both our sorrow and our gladness.

I wish that, when she used to lie with her poor little heart aching, some one could have told Janet that these troubles from which she suffered now would not last all through her life,—that if she could bear them for a time they would cease to seem so very hard, or that presently they might even pass away. But she had nobody to tell her this, or to give any hope or consolation to her. She had been thrown into this midst of this noisy, tumultuous household, in which no one wanted her, where she was only an intruder and a burden, and her lot seemed to get heavier and heavier as the slow days passed. Where could she look for any comfort? She used to say her prayers, as her father had taught her, but it did not seem any longer to the sore little heart as if God heard her. She felt as if every one had deserted her—God, and her father, and the friends she had had through the happy years that were gone.

#### CHAPTER V.

"You come here and play naughts and crosses with me," said Jack to Janet one night when he had finished learning his lessons.

It was not often that Jack or any of the boys condescended to ask Janet to play with them; but sometimes our necessities force us to do things at which our dignity has to wink, and Jack wanted a game, and had nobody to play with—Dick and Bill being hard at work still on an unusually tough piece of geography, and not likely to be finished with it in a hurry. So, not knowing what else to do, Jack issued his orders to Janet in a lordly way. "You come here and play naughts and crosses with me," he said. Upon which Janet came meekly, and Jack scored his slate, and they began to play.

They played one game, and Janet lost; and, this being naturally agreeable to Jack's feelings, Jack at the game's end nodded his head and proposed another.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at playing," said Janet modestly.

"No, you ain't," replied Jack frankly; "but I suppose you can learn to do better."

And so they played their second game, and Janet was beaten again.

"Well, I say, you're not much hand at it!" exclaimed Jack contemptuously, after this second defeat. "It's no fun playing with you; you never see what you ought to do."

"No, I'm very stupid," said Janet deprecatingly; "but I never have been used to play at games. I never had anybody to play with, you know. What I used to do most was drawing pictures."

"H'm, I don't know much about doing that," said Jack.

"It's very nice," said Janet.

"Why, what used you to draw?" asked Jack.

"Oh, anything. Houses sometimes, and people, and all sorts of things. Wouldn't you try? You might draw Dick."

"Oh, what a lark!" cried Jack. And, quite fired with enthusiasm at this suggestion, he cleaned his slate with the sleeve of his jacket, and forthwith set to work.

"Do you think that'll do?" he said, beginning with a bold hand, and tracing something on the slate that Janet looked at with respect, but with respect mingled with uncertainty.

"Is it—is it Dick's head?" asked Janet hesitatingly.

"Dick's head!" Jack gave her a look of unspeakable scorn. "It's the table."

"Oh!" and Janet felt quite abashed.

"Oh yes, of course!" she said apologetically.

"How could I make Dick's head that

size? What a gaby you are! Now we have to put in the legs. H'm,—does that look right?"

"Ye—es, pretty right," said Janet rather dubiously.

"There seems something a little queer. I don't know why it should look as if it was standing up in the air."

"Do you think, if we made it a little rounder——" suggested Janet. "You might draw it from the bottom of one of those little jars."

"Not a bad idea." So Jack got down a small jar from the mantelpiece, and set it on his slate, and drew a perfect round; but, very singularly, the rounder Jack drew the table the worse it looked.

"It's very odd," said Jack, getting quite confounded.

"Why, you've got the legs wrong," exclaimed Bill contemptuously, coming up to assist the others with the light of his superior knowledge, and deciding where the fault lay in a moment. "What a pair of geese you are! Look how this leg comes down in the middle, and how those two go up."

"So they do," exclaimed Janet, humbly. "Dear me, I wonder we didn't think of that."

So, quite relieved, they at once began to set the legs right. They drew a straight line to represent the floor, and then they brought down the three legs upon this line (it was an old-fashioned table, with three legs to it, and not a stem in the middle); but the result, strangely, was that the drawing looked odder than ever.

"What in the world's the matter with it?" cried Jack.

"It's more than I know," said Bill; and Janet sat staring at the curious object on the slate, and felt quite bewildered.

"It looks just like those targets people shoot at; doesn't it?" she said.

"Well, tables are just like targets," said Jack boldly, trying to make the best of a bad business, "only they don't stand up on end. Oh, I daresay it's right enough. Any way, I'll go on and do Dick. I wonder if I ought to draw the chair first?"

"I think I would."

So, then, Jack drew the chair; and, as he drew a side view of it, it was quite a relief after a minute to find that it seemed to stand quite comfortably and securely on the floor.

"Come, now, this is something like!" he exclaimed, with his spirits rising rapidly at this unexpected success. "It's

the queerest thing, though, why it should look right and the table wrong!"

"I'm sure it's the legs," said Bill, still harping on that one idea.

"What's the use of you going on saying it's the legs? Haven't we made the legs all right? What do you want more?" exclaimed Jack, with rising indignation.

Bill responded, a little lamely perhaps, that he did not want anything more, and went back to his books whistling contemptuously; and then Jack buckled himself with vigour to his great work.

"Now, I say, Dick, just sit still," he said.

"Oh, all right!" answered Dick.

"If you'd put your hands down from your head——"

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Dick; but he did what he was asked, and stowed his hands away in his pockets.

"Now, then," said Jack; and there was silence in the room for the space of some seconds.

"That's not bad; is it?" said Jack, complacently, at the end of that time.

"N—no, I think not," replied Janet, but perhaps with a little want of fervour in her tone.

"He's rather too far off from the table; but, you see, if I was to bring him nearer, I don't know what would become of his legs. One must leave room for them."

"Yes, I suppose so. He looks a little odd, doesn't he, without any arms?"

"H'm, do you think he does? You see that's the way he's sitting. When he's got his hands in his pockets his arms don't show. But I could alter that, of course. Just put one of your hands on the table, Dick. There, that's better; isn't it? It's a little too long, perhaps."

"It is very long," said Janet, rather more fervently than courtesy required.

"Look here, we'll put a ruler in his hand, and make him be tapping the table with it. That's capital; ain't it? He looks all right now. If it wasn't for the table—— But it's the rummest table ever I saw. I say, I think I'll take to drawing; it's capital fun. One would soon get to do it pretty well, I fancy."

"I've always been so very fond of it," said Janet with a sigh. "I had a little paint-box at home, and I used to be so fond of making drawings, and colouring them. Lizzie didn't pack up my paint-box when I came here. I wish she had."

"Lizzie was an old thief. I'd wring her neck if I'd got a hold of her," said Jack, with virtuous indignation.

"Oh, she only forgot it. I'm sure she



would have packed it if she had thought. It was such a dear little box, with twelve paints, and a palette, and brushes in it."

"You were a ninny not to look after it yourself."

"Yes, I am afraid I was," said Janet meekly.

"How much do you think it cost?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"A shilling?"

"I'm afraid it must have been more than that."

"I've got tenpence. If you'd got tenpence too —"

"But I haven't."

"Well, you may though. You can never tell. Perhaps somebody'll come to see you, and give you something."

"Oh, I'm afraid not."

"If they should, and you get a shilling, I'd give sixpence. Now, if you get it, don't you go and be buying anything else. Do you hear? If you do, I'll flabbergast you."

What the exact nature was of the punishment shadowed forth by this mysterious threat Janet did not know, but the sound of it made her flesh creep, and of course she hastened to assure Jack that her money, whenever she might obtain any, should be placed entirely at his disposal. For as to opposing Jack in any designs that he might have of appropriating her property, or opposing Dick or Bill, or anybody, the bare thought of that proceeding never entered gentle little Janet's mind. She had no money, but of course, if she should get any, she knew that Jack or somebody else would take it from her. Her cousins had already taken almost everything from her that she counted specially her own. She had possessed a little workbox, and Dick had stamped upon it one day, and broken in the lid of it; she had had a pair of scissors and a fruit-knife, and the fruit-knife had somehow found its way into Bill's pocket, and the scissors had been wrenched in two by Jack's delicate fingers; she had had a little bundle of story-books and a Bible, and her cousins, no doubt in their eager thirst after knowledge, had torn her story-books leaf from leaf, and the only thing they had not taken had been the little Bible which her father had given her. They had respected that enough to leave it untouched.

During most of the day, while the boys were away at school, Janet was kept busy enough. She had certainly never been half as busy before in all her little life. No sooner had she eaten her breakfast than she had to be up and doing.

"Now, child, don't sit there as if you were asleep," Mrs. Mason would say to her sharply. "Begin to your washing-up, and have your wits about you." And then Janet would tie on her working-apron—a big apron that she had made for herself under her aunt's directions—and would mount a little wooden stool and wash away at cups and saucers with a grave anxious face that it was half pretty to see and half sad. For washing up cups and saucers is pleasant work enough when you can do it with an easy mind, but when you have a sharp tongue at your back to reproach you if you knock two plates together, or a sharp hand to box your ears if in some unhappy moment a teacup slips between your fingers, then the pleasure of the business becomes diminished a good deal, and you do your washing-up not without quaking for the consequences.

Janet was always glad when she had got her little piles of crockery safely stowed away in the cupboard. It was far less nervous work to sweep up the kitchen floor than to wash cups and plates; and when the breakfast-things were disposed of Janet would get her broom and sweep away with almost a light heart. She liked to sweep, and she liked pretty well to make beds, and sometimes, but not always, she liked to run messages. She used to run a great many messages, for Mrs. Mason was a woman who set her face against tradesmen coming to the door. She had a poor opinion of any house-keeper who gave her orders through a shopman's boy. She liked to go out and do her own marketing with her basket on her arm and her money in her pocket, or, if she could not conveniently go and do it herself, then, as the next best thing, she chose to send Janet. Janet could not indeed be trusted to choose a leg of mutton, but she could get the potatoes at the grocer's and bring them home; she could fetch bread from the baker's; she could buy tea and sugar, and carrots and turnips. She presently got quite used to trotting backwards and forwards to the shops, and on the whole she rather liked doing it, for her aunt's house was dull, and out-of-doors there was always something to see; and though Janet never dared to linger on her errands, not even though on her way she might have to pass a Punch-and-Judy or a happy family, still only to get out for a few minutes and to know that her aunt's shrill voice could not reach her, was a sort of comfort and refreshment to the child.

But yet, though she was so glad to get

away from her aunt, there were worse women than Mrs. Mason. She was only very hard and sharp-tempered; she was not wicked; she worked very hard; she spent her whole life in doing what she thought it was right for her to do—in washing and scrubbing, and mending and making, and scolding everybody right and left. She got through a great deal of scolding; but then when you have a husband who is rather fat and slow, and too fond of his pipe, and three great growing boys who never lose a chance of getting into mischief, and pretty near bring the house down about your ears, I dare say you fall to scolding quite naturally, and come to look upon it in your hard circumstances as the only rational thing to do. Who can tell what would have become of Jack and Dick and Bill if their mother had not boxed their ears and told them what nuisances they were a dozen times a day? Why, they might have grown up thinking that it was nothing but a pleasure to everybody to be near them. And as for their father, if his wife had not scolded him for smoking three pipes a day, he might if he had been left to himself have smoked six.

## CHAPTER VI.

How hot and heavy the sunshine used to feel to Janet as it poured in at the uncurtained windows all through the long summer days! No fresh sweet breeze seemed ever to come into that dull narrow street; no sweet familiar country sounds ever reached the child's ear. Instead of the songs of birds in the tree-branches, instead of the soft lowing of the cows in their meadows, she only heard now the rattling of carts over the stony streets, the shouting of costermongers' boys, the voices of rough children at play; instead of looking out on grass and trees and flowers, she had nothing to look out on but the opposite unbroken line of dull brick houses.

Ah, if she could go home once more, and see the little house again where she had lived, and play again in the sweet quiet fields, and hear the birds sing as they had been used to sing before her father died, in those happy summer days! Such a longing to return to it all used to come at times to Janet that now and then she would even try to talk about those dear old times to Dick or Jack or Bill.

"Oh, I wish I could take you to see our house!" she would sometimes say. "It was such a dear little house. You can't think how pretty it used to be."

"I wonder what you would think of our village, Dick, if you were there?" she said one day.

It was a hot August afternoon, and Dick, extended on the floor, was lying kicking his heels in the coolest place that he could find.

"H'm—I daresay it's a rum place," he replied. "A beggarly old place, father calls it; but if it's cooler there than here, I'd be off to it, if I could, like a shot."

"It is never so hot there as here," said Janet eagerly. "There is a little river, you know; and always down at the river there is a breeze; and there are woods with great trees in them, and you can lie under the trees and be so cool. Oh, you would like it, Dick! There are such lovely things there. Such flowers! Think of having roses growing all round the windows! And squirrels! You would like to see squirrels, wouldn't you?" said the child coaxingly, trying so, in her longing to arouse Dick's interest in what she was talking of, to think of the sort of things in that sweet home of hers that he would be likely to care about. "You would never get tired of watching the squirrels, Dick."

But Dick began to whistle a tune, and would not get interested about the squirrels. He was not an imaginative boy; he did not care to try and picture those delights that were beyond his knowledge and his reach. He began to whistle, and then, when he had done whistling,—

"I wish I'd a pocketful of oranges," he said. "Wouldn't I go into them if I had!" And the attractions of these oranges whose charms were familiar to him quite outweighed poor Janet's squirrels in her tree-tops.

On one of these hot August days Janet's birthday came. She had said a week or two before to Jack, who had been having a birthday of his own, "You are just five years older than me. You are thirteen to-day, and I shall be eight on the 14th of August;" but neither Jack nor anybody else remembered that when the day came. So it passed without notice from any one.

There were no lessons for Janet during these months; nobody had time to teach her anything, or cared about teaching her. Her uncle, indeed, soon after she went to live with him, had said something about sending her to school.

"I suppose we shall have to do it," he had said to his wife, "though it's very hard upon us."

But Mrs. Mason had answered quickly,—

"I don't see why we need bother our heads about it. She can read and write, and I don't know what she wants with any more learning than that."

"Well, she may wait a little bit, perhaps, at any rate," replied Mr. Mason; and then nothing more was said, and of course Janet did not go to school. She was useful in the house, and it was a great deal better, Mrs. Mason thought, to be making beds and dusting rooms than to be taking money that you had no right to out of other people's pockets that you might learn history and geography, and half-a-dozen other things that would never help you to earn your bread. Mrs. Mason had not learned much history herself in her youth, and had never felt the want of it, and she naturally argued that what had been no loss to her would be no loss to Janet. Let boys go to school, for a good education helps to start *them* in the world; but what need a girl want to know except to read and write, and add up a line of figures?

Janet could read fairly well, and often still in spare moments she would try to solace herself with poring over the torn pages of her old familiar story-books. How well she knew each little tale! How many a recollection they brought back to her! There were some rough little woodcuts to them that she and her father had coloured; on the fly-leaf of one ragged volume there was a picture that they had made together. How well she recollected the day when they had done it,—a cold white winter day, with the snow upon the ground. She had sat beside him at his table, and he had drawn it with his arm about her. It was a picture of the little church she knew so well, with the snow upon its roof, and on the graves in the churchyard. Perhaps as he drew it he had known that before another year had gone the snow would be lying upon *his* grave as it lay on those others there; but Janet at least had not known that. The sun was shining out of doors on the white ground. "Oh, how pretty it is! I wish the snow would come ever so much oftener than it does. Papa, don't you like it?" the child had said.

Had they all passed away forever—those dear, calm, happy days? Janet would sit sometimes dreaming over her torn books, till in the midst of her dreaming her aunt's sharp voice would come, and make her start up with a guilty feeling. One day when she was reading to

herself, Jack, in the innocent playfulness of his nature, came up on tiptoe behind her, armed with the tongs, and, making a rapid plunge with that powerful weapon, seized on the volume as it lay on Janet's lap, and securing it firmly between the two prongs, lifted it up in the air high above her head.

"Oh!" cried Janet piteously, and sprang to her feet. "Jack, don't! Please don't!"

But at this appeal Jack only retreated, and danced a dance of triumph upon the hearth.

"Make a bonfire of it," said Bill, who was present too.

"Oh, no! Oh, you won't! Oh, Jack!" cried Janet, bursting into tears.

"See if I won't then! Hold her back, Bill; pinion her; that's right. Now then, one—two—three!" And as Jack said "three!" down he dropped the poor little volume amongst the red coals.

She was such a quiet little thing at most times; perhaps neither of the boys was quite prepared for the scream of agony she gave as she saw the book she loved drop down into the flames. Bill was standing behind her, pinioning her, as he had been ordered to do, and Bill was so startled by her cry that he let her escape from his hold from pure amazement; and in another instant Jack too was utterly confounded, for before he could believe his senses a great blow struck his big ears that very nearly upset his balance, and then the next moment Janet had caught her charred and half-burnt book out of the flames, with a bitter pitiful sob that might have gone to the boys' hearts if they had had hearts to be touched by anything. She clasped her blackened book in her arms, and wrapped her pinafore round it to extinguish the burning, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The boys looked at one another, and then turned away with rather sheepish faces.

"I'm sure it's hardly a bit worse than it was before," Jack said contemptuously after a moment or two, looking back over his shoulder. "It's been all in pieces for ever so long. You needn't make such a fuss over it."

But Janet returned no answer. She sat down presently at the window, and leant her head on the sill, and laid the book against her cheek, as if it had been some poor wounded thing. If they had tried to kill a living creature that she loved, would she not have felt just as she felt then? Jack went to his lessons, and sat over them whistling with rather a perplexed mind. His ear was tingling yet with the

blow that Janet had given him, but to do him justice he did not bear her any malice for her blow. Perhaps the vigour with which she had bestowed it on him had, on the contrary, inspired him with a touch of respect for her. For, you see, these rough boys had got into the habit of thinking her such a poor-spirited thing that she would bear anything from them, and they trampled upon her to a large extent, just because they believed that she was too timid and cowardly to stand up for herself. But now, at last, she *had* stood up for herself, and Jack, as he buckled himself to his arithmetic, felt something almost like regret that he had tried to tease her so. He had not wanted to hurt her; he had only wanted a bit of fun. How could he have supposed that she would care so much about a stupid old book?

In the course of that evening, some hours after the burning had taken place, he presented her with a piece of lollypop as a peace-offering. She had long left off crying by that time; she had carried her book up-stairs and hidden it amongst her clothes, and she was sitting in the kitchen hemming dusters for her aunt.

Jack sauntered to her side, and took a very moist packet from his trousers' pocket.

"You may have a bit of that, if you like," he said, untwisting the paper, and displaying a brown glutinous stick, in that uncomfortable state of dissolution which some sorts of sweetstuff always fall into in summer.

"Oh! thank you," answered Janet hesitatingly, looking at the offered gift with mingled feelings.

"It's too sticky to break. You'd better bite a bit off," said Jack.

So then Janet advanced her mouth, and Jack with great solemnity held the stick out to her, and she bit. But her teeth stuck in the substance, and it being very limp indeed, and the reverse of brittle, Jack had to work it up and down before they could get the bit she desired to eat parted from the rest.

"It gets soft in this weather," said Jack apologetically, "but it's coming now. There; that's it. You'll have to lick your lips, though." For in wrestling over the business of separation, no small amount of treacly matter had got daubed over Janet's mouth.

"Oh, yes," said Janet, trying to extricate her teeth.

"It's good, ain't it?" inquired Jack.

"Yes, very good."

"They always have good lollypops at

Chubbins's. I'll show you the shop some day, and then when you get a penny you can buy some."

"Thank you," said Janet, not at all seeing her way to avail herself of this opportunity, but grateful, nevertheless, for the information.

And then Jack nodded, and, returning the moist parcel to his pocket, went back again to his lessons, and, to tell the truth and give him his due, felt rather more comfortable than he had done before. For, if he had been a little unkind to Janet, had he not done his best now to make it up handsomely to her? "She didn't take much," thought Jack to himself, with some natural congratulation, and then for a moment the question presented itself to him whether a high sense of courtesy might not demand that he should offer a second bite to her; but after a little consideration he rejected this suggestion as altogether absurd and quixotic. "She'd have taken more if she'd wanted it," he said to himself; and this was so reasonable a view of the matter that he dismissed it from his thoughts, and ate the rest of his lollypop as those do who have an easy mind.

Perhaps of the three boys Janet liked her cousin Jack the best. She was the least afraid of Jack. Rough as he was, and selfish as he was, yet sometimes he took her part when the others were vexing her, and once or twice he even gave a blow or took a blow for her. One night he threw an ink-bottle at Bill's head when Bill was teasing her in the peculiarly irritating way in which Bill loved to tease. The child was laboriously darning stockings, and Bill, with a pair of scissors in his hand, was standing behind her back, snipping her cotton in two, over and over again, whenever she had got a needleful of it drawn through the hole that she was mending. She had moved from one seat to another to try and escape from him, but he had followed her wherever she went: she had tried to slip from the room, but he had leapt forward and stood against the door, clipping the air with his scissors, and making grimaces in her face; and at last, when for about the twentieth time he had triumphantly cut her thread, she had burst into tears of helpless vexation. She had all these stockings to mend before she went to bed, and how could she do them? how could she get through her work unless somebody would speak to Bill?

"Oh, baby!" shouted Bill, as soon as he saw her tears, and he immediately began himself to sob, and to stuff his knuckles into his eyes.

"I say, Bill, you let her alone," cried Jack at this stage of the business.

Jack, naturally unwilling to interfere with his brother's sports, had hitherto taken no notice of Janet's distress; but he lifted up his head now, and uttered this admonition in rather a belligerent voice.

"Let her alone yourself," replied Bill defiantly.

"I ain't touching her," said Jack, with indignation.

"I don't interfere with *you*," said Bill. And then snip went the scissors again, and in two again went Janet's thread.

"Oh, it's too bad! Oh, how can you?" cried poor helpless Janet, and burst into fresh tears as Bill broke into a great laugh.

"Now stop that!" shouted Jack, savagely. "You've been going on long enough."

"I'll go on as long as I like," retorted Bill, and put out his tongue in the direction of his brother, — not, I am afraid, in sign of respect.

"You will, will you?" said Jack; and then — there was a small stone ink-bottle standing on the table, and Jack seized it and hurled it at Bill's head. Bill ducked, but the missile struck him on the crown of his head, the ink poured over his face, and Bill howled.

"Oh, Jack!" cried frightened Janet, and jumped up, and let all the stockings fall upon the ground.

"I don't care," said Jack with affected indifference, and propped his elbows on the table, and appeared to be deep in his lessons; but, in spite of his look of abstraction, I suspect his heart began to beat rather fast as he heard his mother's voice upon the stairs.

"What mischief in the world are you up to now? Which of you has been spilling the ink? Jack, is it you?" cried Mrs. Mason, and, as she asked her question, without waiting for a reply to it, she smote Jack on the side of his head; for Mrs. Mason was fond of rapid punishments, and a little wholesome boxing of the ears, even before a fault was proved, never to her thinking did any harm, but often very much the reverse.

"Yes — he threw the ink-bottle at me," howled Bill, holding up his ink-stained face.

"Jack!" cried Mrs. Mason in a terrible voice, and the next instant a series of blows began to fall thick as hail on Jack's devoted head.

"I'll teach you to throw ink-bottles! I'll ink-bottle you!" cried Mrs. Mason, crimson in the face.

"I've got all the ink in my eyes!" whined Bill.

"Then go to the pump and get it out again," answered his mother sharply. "What were you doing to make him throw the ink-bottle at you? If your brother was in the wrong, do you think that makes you right?" And, loving to be impartial in the justice that she distributed, Mrs. Mason advanced to her youngest son, and cuffed him on both sides of his head.

Jack had received his punishment in silence, but Bill when he was boxed roared, and went roaring from the room; and then Mrs. Mason, with her spirit up and her hand well in, turned round to Janet.

"And what are *you* doing? You're at the bottom of it all, I've no doubt," she said. "Where are the stockings that you've mended? What — you haven't mended any? You've just been idling and quarrelling? Take that, then, for your idling." And if Mrs. Mason boxed Janet's ears less sharply than she had boxed Jack's and Bill's, at any rate the child got a blow that made her cheeks tingle for half an hour afterwards.

You see Mrs. Mason's system of education was a very simple one. She was a woman with much work and many cares upon her shoulders; was it not natural that she should not be fond of wasting time when her children took to quarrelling in trying to find out which amongst them was most in the wrong? Was it not so much easier to punish them alike all round? "Why, if I was to try to get to the bottom of it every time they took to fighting with one another, I'd be worn to a thread-paper," she would often say; and I am afraid there is little doubt that she would, for three boys who did more in the way of quarrelling with one another than Dick and Jack and Bill you scarcely could have found in a long summer's day. No two of them were ever together for ten minutes but they began to spar, or to tease one another, or to fight.

"I should think you must get tired of it," Janet said one day hesitatingly to Jack, having considered the matter a great deal in her grave little mind, without having reached any satisfactory conclusion concerning the advantages of it.

"Get tired of it?" repeated Jack, opening his eyes, and not in the least knowing what she meant.

"Yes — don't you?"

"I don't know what in the world you're talking of," said Jack.

"I mean, you — you're always fighting together."



"Well?" inquired Jack, not seeing how any rational person could object to such a natural occupation.

"But it seems so odd."

"Odd to fight? I think it would seem much odder not to fight. *You* can't know, of course," said Jack, in a tone of supreme contempt: "you're only a girl; but they'd be rum boys, I think, who didn't do it."

"But you do it so much," Janet ventured to suggest.

"We don't do it a bit more than we need," said Jack. "You should see the boys at school. Then you might talk! But you're such a baby. If anybody looks at you you're ready to cry out. I wouldn't be a girl for something!" cried Jack with unction, and with a beautiful frankness, and he gave Janet such a look of scorn that she felt quite abashed and hung her head.

After that day when Jack threw the ink-bottle at Bill's head, Janet sometimes in her troubles, when the others were rough to her, or were teasing her, would turn to Jack; she would feel a certain faint sense of protection in being near him. She was very affectionate, and she had so little here to care for that there were moments when she almost felt as if she liked him. She said to him one day, —

"I wish you had come to see us once, Jack, while papa was alive. I think it would have been so nice. I do think you would have liked it."

She was sitting when she made this speech looking at Jack as he cut out a boat from a bit of wood.

"H'm—I don't know. Perhaps I should," replied Jack condescendingly.

"It was so pretty. And you would have liked papa."

"Oh, well, I'm not so sure of that. Parsons are queer coves. They're not much in my line," said Jack cautiously.

"Oh, but he was so kind. Nobody could have helped liking him."

"It's best to be on the safe side," said Jack, with a knowing wink. "I daresay he was all right, but it's a chance if we'd have pulled together. Besides, there would have been such a lot of church-going, you know."

"You needn't have gone to church more than once if you hadn't liked it," said Janet meekly. "But of course it's no use talking of it all now. Only nobody knows how nice it was." And then the poor little voice shook, and the tears rose up to the child's eyes.

"Well, I daresay it did seem queer at

first when it was all up, and you had to come here. I don't know that I should have liked it myself," said Jack; "that's to say, not for a bit. But I shouldn't think you'd like to go back to the country now."

"What! not like to go back?" cried Janet, with her face flushing, and her grey eyes opening wide.

"No; you'd find it ever so stupid."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Why, what would you do, if you were there this minute?"

"What should I do?" She paused to think for a moment or two. It was the afternoon of a September day—a warm day with a deep blue sky. "Perhaps I might be in a wood gathering nuts, or I might have gone to see them milk the cows at the rectory, or perhaps Mrs. Jessop might have lent me her little pony, as she sometimes did, and I should be having a ride—oh, Jack, such a lovely ride across the fields. I know exactly where I would go. I would go past the church and over the meadows, and on and on till I came to a great pine wood. And then I would let my pony loose for a little (he was so quiet he never used to run away), and perhaps I would go blackberry-gathering over the common. Perhaps I should have taken a basket with me, and I would bring it back all full of blackberries."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder that it might be rather jolly," said Jack, thoughtfully, with a mind open to conviction. "I'd like the riding and the blackberry-getting, and all that. I'd like to go bird-nesting too; that's fun."

"Y—es, I suppose it is," said Janet, faintly.

"I went bird-nesting out at Hendon one day last year," said Jack; and then he proceeded with much unction to give Janet a minute and lively account of this expedition; and poor little Janet listened, and had *not* the courage to speak out the thoughts about it that were in her mind. For, of course, to her—loving as she did every little feathered creature that sang—this amusement of Jack's seemed a sorrowful and cruel thing.

"I never took any birds out of their nests; I—I never cared to do it," she just said timidly once. "I like so much better to have them in the trees."

"Oh, bother the trees," exclaimed Jack, contemptuously. "What I'd like to do best would be to snare them. I shouldn't mind being a bird-catcher for a bit. I could make such a lot of money that way. Think of coming in with a whole sackful of birds!"

"But surely nobody puts birds in a sack?" cried Janet in a tone of horror.

"Don't they though! What else could you do with them when you catch such a lot? They stuff them in, one after another."

"Oh, Jack!"

"It's a fact. You ask anybody. Why, that's the fun of the thing."

"But they must get suffocated?"

"So they do—some of them. You've got to take your chance of that. There's sure to be more alive than dead. What you do is to catch a bag full of them, and then the man at the shop gives you so much for the lot, and you tumble them all out into a cage."

"Oh, poor little things!"

"Well, I must say it's pretty hard lines for *them*, but that's their look-out. There's an awful scrimmage sometimes when they get into the cage. You can fancy it—can't you? Just think—two or three score of birds put into a cage not that size. And then, when they get their food! Why, they fight so, and they're jammed so close that sometimes—sometimes after a night of it—there's nine-tenths of them dead. But that's bad management," said Jack, severely. "I say, if it's worth your while to buy birds, it's worth your while to keep them alive."

"But Jack," said Janet, with the saddest face, "I think you're trying to deceive me. Do you really mean that people are so dreadfully cruel to the poor little birds?"

"Oh—cruel?—that's all stuff. They can't help it—at least, not most of it. I think, for their own sake," said Jack with an air of wisdom, "that they ought to give them a little more room."

"But it seems so dreadful."

"It ain't a bit more dreadful than other things. It all depends on what you're used to."

"But the birds never can be used to being packed in bags."

"Oh, I ain't thinking of the birds. I mean it don't seem dreadful to the people who do it. It's right enough for them to do it, if it's got to be done," said Jack, with an off-hand philosophy that was, I am afraid, too much for Janet's understanding.

And, in truth, I fear in this new life of hers there were many things too much for Janet's understanding. There was so much that seemed strange to her—so much that jarred with the teaching of her early years. She did not indeed argue about it. She came by degrees to accept it all patiently, as children so often do;

but, unconsciously to herself, as she grew used to it, every spark of brightness, every touch of warmth, died out of her little life. She had not much spirit, you see, this poor, little, lonely Janet.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
COCA.

COCA, much talked about lately in connection with the doings of a wonderful pedestrian, is the leaf of the *Erythroxylon coca*, a climbing-plant, seldom attaining six feet in height, bearing small white flowers succeeded by red berries. The leaves, about an inch and a half long, are of a pale bright green and quite smooth, somewhat resembling those of the myrtle. When fit for gathering—an operation performed three or four times a year—they fall off at the slightest touch of the hand; and after being dried in the sun, are collected in baskets large enough to hold half a hundredweight of leaves. The plant is little known in this country.

Although strange to European experience, coca has been in high favour with the Indians of South America for centuries, as an infallible preventive of hunger and weariness. Peter de Cieza tells us the Peruvian Indians of his time, esteeming the coca-tree of far higher account than the best wheat, nourished it carefully in the mountains of the Andes, from Guamanga to the town of La Plata; and when they acquired a new piece of land, at once set about calculating how many baskets of coca it would yield. So great was the demand for it, particularly at the mines of Potosi, and so extensively was it cultivated, that in the years 1548, 1549, 1550, and 1551, the plantations gave an annual return to their proprietors of from forty thousand to eighty thousand "pieces of eight." This is not to be wondered at, considering that the Indians had such hearty faith in the virtues of coca, that, believing the more they ate of it the stronger they became, they were never seen without some leaves in their mouths, from the time they rose in the morning till the time they turned in for the night; while before setting out on a journey they took especial care to fill their leathern pouches with coca-leaves, and their calabashes with "a whitish sort of earth" to be eaten with them. The simple leaf sufficed their necessities at home, unless bent upon a little extra exhilaration, in which case they took tobacco-leaves and coca-leaves in combination.

An English gentleman staying at Jamaica in 1789, received from a Mr. Reader, who had just returned from a visit to Peru, a small horn spoon and a calabash containing about a pound of a white powder; accompanied with the information that the Indians, when travelling, took a spoonful of the powder whenever they felt hungry, and if thirsty as well, washed it down with a draught of water; and thus provided could compass a thousand miles afoot without requiring anything else in the way of refreshment. Upon examination the white powder proved to be nothing but lime from calcined oyster-shells; such as, many years later, Humboldt saw set out for sale in the public market at Popayan, for eating with dried coca-leaves, or for mixing with chewed leaves preparatory to being made up into pellets or pills.

Ulloa declares the Indians thought so much of *cuca* or *coca*, that rather than go without it, they would part with anything or everything they possessed. "They put," he says, "into their mouths a few coca-leaves and a suitable portion of a kind of chalk called *membí*, and chewing them together, at first spit out the saliva which that manducation causes, but afterwards swallow it; and then move it from one side of the mouth to the other, till the substance is quite drained." The herb, he avers, fortifies the stomach and preserves the teeth, and is so nutritive and invigorating, that the chewers of it could labour whole days without taking any other food. Another writer depones that coca-eaters can work for eight or ten days without sleeping, untroubled by hunger, thirst, or fatigue. After this we are not surprised to learn that the Bolivian Indians, who take coca from infancy, are able to hold their own easily with mule-mounted travellers. Such among them as have won for themselves a reputation as "good walkers" are employed to carry government despatches, being capable of accomplishing twenty leagues a day for several successive days with nothing to sustain their energies save coca and *lipta*—a preparation of cooked potatoes, pounded into a pulp and burned to ashes with a maize-cob, which imparts a pleasant saline flavour to the otherwise insipid coca-leaf.

The Indian and half-caste women of the Upper Amazons are given to indulge overmuch in *ypadin*, made by baking coca-leaves in an oven, pounding them in a wooden mortar until half-pulverized, and then mixing them with the ashes of the burnt leaves of the candelabrum-tree, in order to neutralize the evil effect of pure

coca-powder. As coca-eating happens to be abhorrent to the ruling powers in Ega, the *ypadin*-loving dames are compelled to raise their coca-trees in retired forest nooks, to hide away their modest gatherings, and take their solace secretly. Mr. Bates thinks that *ypadin* does no harm if taken in moderation; but if indulged in to excess, it destroys the appetite, and in time produces great nervous exhaustion. Humboldt, conceding that Indian messengers can travel for many days without any other aliment, pronounces against the use of the delectable mixture of leaves and lime, on the ground that, while exciting the secretion of the saliva and of the gastric juice, it takes away the appetite without affording any nutriment to the body; and an Edinburgh Reviewer, disgusted with a traveller's laudation of coca, does not scruple to assert that it is certain those who used it were remarkably short-lived. The Bolivian Indians, however, if we may accept the testimony of one who lived some years among them, are rather remarkable for their longevity; and if the coca-leaf is really very deleterious, it is hard to understand how it has retained its repute so many hundred years.

Supposing coca to be all its admirers assert, it does not follow that its introduction into countries yet blissfully ignorant of its virtues is at all desirable. Your coca-eater only works by fits and starts, ordinarily he ranks amongst the laziest of the lazy. Besides, what may be meat to the Indian in the healthiest tropical land in the world, may be poison to the energetic sons of colder climes; and the fact that in South America coca-eating is steadfastly eschewed by the ruling race, speaks strongly against the vaunted harmlessness of the practice. It is impossible it should be harmless; neither the body nor the mind can be defrauded of due sustenance and rest with impunity; though the payment of the penalty be deferred for a time, it is sure to be exacted. Of stimulants we have enough and to spare. Those already used and abused may very well suffice those who cannot get along without something of the kind. Nobody that we know of wants to work day and night, or to dispense with meat and drink. Even if anybody does, it is possible that their end may be achieved by other means. From the Moluccas to the Yellow River, from the Ganges and the Indus to the shores of the Black Sea, the betel-leaf is, as old Gerarde says, "not only unto the silly Indian made, but also drink in their tedious travels, refresh-

ing their weary spirits and helping their memory." Abyssinian sentinels on night-duty keep drowsiness at a distance by chewing the leaves of the *Catha edulis*; Magnenus records that a soldier at the siege of Valencia, in 1636, underwent the greatest fatigue and lived without food for a week, thanks to a few quids of tobacco; and we ourselves knew a man who, when compelled to work through the night, kept himself awake and up to the mark by merely chewing tea. Tea being within everybody's reach, perhaps it would be as well if, before setting about importing coca-leaves, the medical gentlemen who have displayed such enthusiasm in behalf of coca, were to try the effect of tea and lime, and let the world know the result of the experiment.

It is surely a pity that three such important products as coca, the cocoa of the breakfast-table, and the cocoa-nut, though completely distinct both botanically and in their properties and uses, should have names so provokingly similar that most people, we believe, are puzzled to say which is which. The *Erythroxylon coca* of which we have been speaking has no connection with the cocoa-tree (*Theobroma cacao*), which yields the well-known beverage cocoa or chocolate. Equally distinct from both is the cocoa-nut palm (*Cocos nucifera*), the fruit of which supplies the inhabitants of many tropical coasts and islands with a great part of their food, and also furnishes the cocoa-nut oil of commerce. It is the more solid ingredient of this oil, known as cocoa-nut butter, that is so much used as an unguent when mixed with a little olive-oil to give it softness. Among the many changes of nomenclature constantly going on, could nothing be done to remedy the perplexity caused by so many diverse articles being known by names so closely resembling each other?

#### REVOLUTIONARY BALLADS.

##### GENERAL WOLFE.

COME, all ye brave young men,  
Let nothing fright you;  
If they objection make,  
Let that delight you.  
Love, here's a ring of gold,  
Long time I've kept it;  
Love, here's a ring of gold,  
Will you accept it?  
When you the posy read,  
Think on the giver;  
Oh! do remember me,  
Or I'm undone forever.

Now this brave hero, he  
Took to the ocean,  
To fight for liberty  
And his promotion.  
He landed at Quebec  
All in a line so pretty,  
On the Plains of Abraham,  
Just before the city.  
He landed at Quebec  
With all his party,  
The enemy to attack,  
Being both brave and hearty.

"The victory we've won,  
With all the treasure."  
"Oh then," replied brave Wolfe,  
"I'll die with pleasure."

##### MONTGOMERY.

###### 1.

YE powers of melody,  
Aid me while I try  
To sing the great Montgomery;  
For I mean to tell  
How the hero fell,  
Contending for his country's liberty.

###### 2.

When Britain's tyrant first,  
By an ill counsel curst,  
Resolved our country to enslave,  
That great, that gallant chief  
Flew to our relief,  
Determined to oppose the haughty knave.

###### 3.

Through winter's snow and frost,  
Abraham's Plains he crost,  
Took Fort St. John, Montreal, Chambly,  
Then hastened to Quebec,  
Which he did attack,  
There fell the great, the brave *Montgomery*.

###### 4.

"See, brave Americans,  
There the city stands,  
To storm it I have laid the plan;  
Let ladders then be placed,  
To yon walls in haste,  
Your general, my boys, will lead the van."

###### 5.

Then o'er the walls he flew,  
Quebec to subdue,  
Regardless of his destiny;  
But ah! unhappy fate,  
Painful to relate,  
There fell the brave, the great *Montgomery*.

###### 6.

The generous Carleton then,  
Called unto his men,  
"My boys! my boys! Forbear! forbear!  
The great Montgomery,  
See where he does lie!"  
Then o'er his corse he dropt a silent tear.

7.

O, Carleton, may thy name  
Live in endless fame,  
Thou great, thou gallant enemy!  
Of chiefs for Britain's crown,  
Carleton, thou alone  
Art blessed with honor and humility.

8.

Thou and Montgomery  
When both souls are free,  
Shall meet on the celestial plain,  
And, though foes below,  
There no rancour know  
But ever and together live and reign.

9.

America, thy loss  
Is a dreadful cross,  
Montgomery, the great, the good.  
But to expiate  
His untimely fate,  
Britannia, thou must yet shed tears of blood.

THE QUEEN'S LAMENTATION.

1.

BENEATH a verdant, shady bower,  
Adorned with many a fragrant flower,  
Britannia's queen sat pensively,  
Lamenting her sad destiny.

2.

Her numerous offspring round her throng  
Attentive to her plaintive song,  
When thus her Majesty begun,  
"My dearest babes, we are undone.

3.

"For I on every side can see  
Nought but impending misery;  
With reason, then, I curse the day  
I was advanced to regal sway.

4.

"In Mecklenburg, my native soil,  
Ere that I knew this cursed isle,  
I roved a virgin princess bright,  
And revelled in unmixed delight.

5.

"But when demanded by your sire  
Ye gods! my soul was all on fire;  
My fancy roved from scene to scene,  
In prospect mighty Britain's queen.

6.

"Revolving years rolled smoothly on,  
Nor had a thorn yet pierced my crown;  
One round of pleasure and delight,  
Adorned by day and crowned by night.

7.

"But when your father did advise  
With your great grandsire's enemies,  
A gloomy cloud hung o'er my head,  
And filled me with eternal dread.

8.

"With prayers and tears I often strove  
The sad occasion to remove,  
I often did my Lord implore  
To grant a peace to yonder shore.

9.

"But those pernicious vermin still  
Did urge him on from ill to ill;  
And by their craft conducted so  
As proves Great Britain's overthrow.

10.

"Those rebels, though they bear the name,  
'Tis we, not they, sure, are to blame,  
Have acted with such dignity,  
Are surely worthy to live free.

11.

"I trembling sit upon my throne,  
I cannot wear this mangled crown.  
See how it trembles on my head!  
I wish, my babes, that we were dead!

12.

"Oh, were my head a flood of tears,  
That I might wash away my fears,  
And mitigate my inward dread;  
Alas! I wish that we were dead."

VAIN Britons, boast no longer, with proud  
indignity,  
By land your conquering legions, your match-  
less strength by sea;  
Since we, your braver sons in truth, our swords  
have girded on,  
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! for war and  
Washington.

Urged on by North and vengeance, your valiant  
champions come,  
Loud bellowing, tea and treason, and George  
was all your theme;  
But, sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels still  
live on,  
*And laugh at all your empty puffs, huzza for  
Washington!*

Still deaf to mild entreaty, still blind to En-  
gland's good,  
You have, for thirty pieces, sold your country's  
blood;  
Like *Æsop's* greedy cur, you'll find a shadow  
for your bone,  
You'll find no fearless shades indeed, *inspired  
by Washington.*

Mysterious, unexampled, incomprehensible,  
The blundering schemes of Britain, your folly,  
pride, and zeal;  
Like lions though you growl and fight, mere  
asses you have shown,  
*Then you shall share the asses' fate, and drudge  
for Washington.*

Should George, to succor Britain, to foreign  
realms apply,  
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we  
would defy



Turk, Russian, Jew, and Infidel, and all those  
powers in one  
While Hancock crowns our Senate, *our camp,*  
*great Washington.*

Yet think not thirst of glory unsheathes our  
vengeful swords  
To rend our bonds asunder and cast away our  
cords;  
'Tis heaven-born freedom fires us now, and  
strengthens each brave son,  
From him who lowly guides the plough to  
godlike Washington.

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdaining  
slavish fears,  
To swords we'll turn our ploughshares, our  
pruning-hooks to spears;  
And rush all desp'rate on the foe, nor breathe  
till battle's won,  
And shout and shout, *America, and conquering*  
*Washington!*

Fired with the great idea, our fathers' shades  
shall rise,  
To view the stern contention the gods forsake  
the skies;  
And Wolfe, 'mid hosts of heroes superior  
bending down,  
Cry out with ardor for the cause, "*Well done,*  
*brave Washington!*"

Proud France may view with terror, and  
haughty Spain may fear,  
Whilst every warlike nation shall court alliance  
here;  
And George's minions humbling down dis-  
mount him from his throne,  
*Pay homage to America and conquering Wash-*  
*ington!*

#### THE JUNTA.

THE Junta together their heads were laying,  
And North in a flourish his parts was display-  
ing;  
A placeman steps in, cries, "The rebels are  
beat,  
Philadelphia's our own and the whole's at our  
feet."

Derry down.

Lord North looked around with a delicate  
smile,  
And cried "I still knew we the rebels should  
foil;  
Now Vengeance we'll deck like some being  
divine,  
And Jack Ketch's labors in future shall shine."

Derry down.

The cannons did thunder, the bells sweetly  
chime,  
When a captain arrived whom they called  
Propenheim.  
"What news?" said the Junta, "we know it  
is good,  
The rebels are wholly and solely subdued."

Derry down.

"My lords," said the captain, "I dare not  
amuse,  
For I am the messenger of dismal news;  
The tide of our fortune is stopped in its course,  
And Burgoyne is a prisoner with all his whole  
force."

Derry down.

As when dreadful lightnings in flashes do fly,  
And level some wretch in the twink of an eye,  
The Junta received a similar shock,  
And screamed, "Lord, deliver our heads from  
the block!"

Derry down.

For some time they hung in this dreadful sus-  
pense,  
Not daring to make or defer a defence,  
When from Philadelphia Cornwallis arrived,  
On hearing which tidings their hopes were  
revived.

Derry down.

Without hesitation they hasted away  
As swift as a hawk in pursuit of his prey;  
"Have you any good tidings, my lord, tell us  
quick,  
That will cheer up our spirits, for faith we are  
sick."

Derry down.

His lordship then sighed and cried, "Alas!  
Our matters are brought to a terrible pass;  
Besieged by the rebels, quite chagrined and  
grieved,  
Poor Howe must soon fly if not quickly re-  
lieved."

Derry down.

The Junta were struck with this dreary rela-  
tion,  
And cried out, "Poor Britain's a ruined nation;  
Her finances sunk and her measures all crossed,  
No sums can be borrowed and all must be  
lost."

Derry down.

"Some comfort, however, presents to our view,  
Our faithful Canadians will ever prove true;  
We'll prove from that quarter a thorn in their  
side,  
We'll stop their career and we'll humble their  
pride."

Derry down.

Soon after, a vessel arrived on the coast,  
With tidings that Canada also was lost,  
Had risen, revolted, laid siege to Quebec,  
Which news put each villain in pain for his  
neck.

Derry down.

Now, Britons, your rights and your famed  
Magna Charta  
Must end in a smoke like a loud Magna —  
Your talents, messieurs, directed by Bute,  
Have rendered our sovereign quite absolute.

Derry down.